the weekly Standard

SEPTEMBER 23, 2002

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BRAVE NEW CHINA
ERIC BROWN

We Are the World

President Bush addresses the U.N. General Assembly, Sept. 12

Bush the Prosecutor
BY FRED BARNES

Allies, After All?
BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

The Roots of European Appeasement
BY DAVID GELERNTER

The Democrats in a Box
BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

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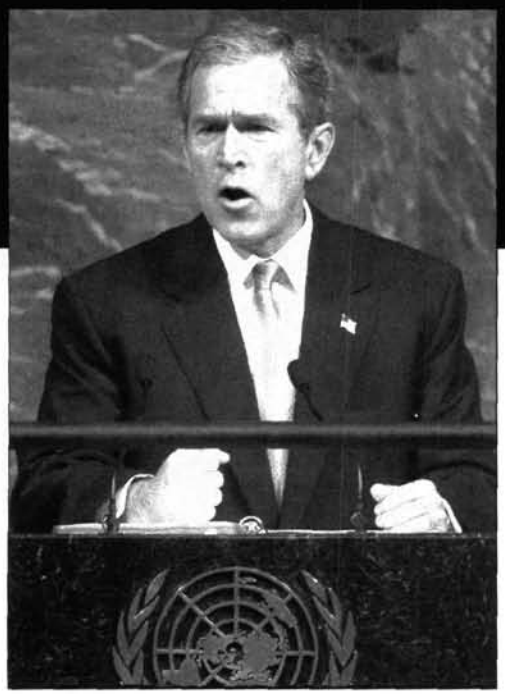
"The United States helped found the United Nations. We want the United Nations to be effective, and respectful, and successful."

-President George W. Bush,
UN General Assembly, September 12, 2002



...and Congress must pay our UN dues.

As President Bush seeks support from the United Nations and the world, he is shadowed by a broken promise: America's unpaid UN bills. America promised the world that we would pay our arrears and fair share of peacekeeping, but Congress has failed to fulfill this commitment.

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the weekly Standard

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You Can't Find What You Don't Look For

The war against Saddam Hussein hasn't started, but the war against George W. Bush is well underway—a war of leaks, that is. The leaking is conducted by members of the president's own administration, and seems designed to undermine his policies. And as this war goes on, we are learning that many career bureaucrats have developed sophisticated misinformation delivery systems.

For instance, on September 10, the *Washington Post* ran a front page story headlined, "U.S. Not Claiming Iraqi Link to Terror." The story asserted that the government has dropped its claims that Iraq has links to al Qaeda and other terrorist organizations. The article explained that the U.S. government has found no such links. "It's a thin reed," an unnamed intelligence source said.

It was an artful leak by the intelligence community. But of course the story wasn't true. President Bush twice referred to Iraq's links to terrorist organization in his U.N. speech two days later. And what the story really revealed are the rather extraordinary shortcomings of American intelligence. The *Post* noted that the Kurdish Patriotic Union, an anti-Saddam group in northern Iraq, has jailed 15 to 20 al Qaeda members. Much to the surprise of the Kurdish officials, U.S. agents haven't even tried to interview these terrorists. The *Post* quoted one U.S. official as saying, "We really don't know whether they are under al Qaeda or Saddam's control. . . . It's not implausible that they are working with Saddam. His intel links into northern Iraq are very strong."

In other words, it's quite plausible that Saddam has direct, provable links to al Qaeda, but we're not certain because we haven't looked into it! And why hasn't the CIA asked the 15 to 20 captured al Qaeda members? Is it too busy? For that matter, why hasn't the CIA set up an Iraq task force in its anti-terrorism network? Maybe because if it investigated Saddam's links to al Qaeda, it might find some. And if it found some, it would have to report them to the president. That would bolster the hawks in the Defense Department at the expense of the dialogue-first forces in the State Department and the CIA.

Better not to ask. Better instead simply to leak stories claiming there are no links—even if those claims are undermined by the facts contained in those very same articles. ♦

Embellishing the Threat

Last Wednesday, the *Washington Post* reported that congressional Democrats were unmoved by classified briefings from President Bush's top advisers. Iraq, they'd concluded, didn't pose an imminent threat. What caught THE SCRAPBOOK's eye, however, was a statement from Nancy Pelosi, ranking Democrat on the House Intelligence Committee. "I did not hear anything today that was different about [Hussein's] capabilities," the *Post* quoted Pelosi as saying, just a few "embellishments."

Did Pelosi mean "a fictitious touch to a factual account," as Webster's defines the term? Was she calling someone (the briefings were conducted by Condi Rice and George Tenet) a liar?

"She didn't mean it that way," press secretary Brendan Daly assures us. It was "more descriptive" and "not meant to cast aspersions." Pelosi was only saying that the briefing didn't serve up any new information. Daly further explained that Rep. Pelosi "does not dispute that Saddam Hussein is developing weapons of mass destruction."

As Pelosi had elaborated to Fox's Bill O'Reilly: "If we knew a target to make a preemptive strike against, as we had targeted certain facilities in the Sudan and Afghanistan, then that would be a different story." But "we don't know where the facilities are. And that's why . . . we want to have inspections."

So, as we understand it, Pelosi is saying it would be really nice if Saddam would just show us in which building he keeps the weapons of mass destruction, and then we could send a cruise missile to destroy them. Or would that be an embellishment? ♦

Crime Implosion

A little over two months after blaring headlines in the *New York Times* announced an end to America's decade-long crime drop, new statistics show that the nation continues to get safer. A report from the Bureau of Justice Statistics released last week shows that criminal victimization in 2001 fell about 9 percent—to its lowest levels since data collection began in 1973. According to June FBI data, meanwhile, violent crime rates fell fractionally while property crime rates rose about 1 percent. Unlike the FBI's Uniform Crime Report statistics—which come from police departments around the country—the BJS collects victimization numbers through a national survey.

Why has victimization plummeted as reported crime rates rose? It appears that lower crime rates have increased expectations of safety, while September 11 jitters made people more likely to call the police. In the FBI's data, over 60 percent of the total crime increase stemmed from increases in the "larceny/theft" category, which includes offenses as trivial as stealing a candy bar. Even amidst lower crime rates and terrorist anxiety, however, people won't always call the police about minor incidents, but they will mention them in a survey.

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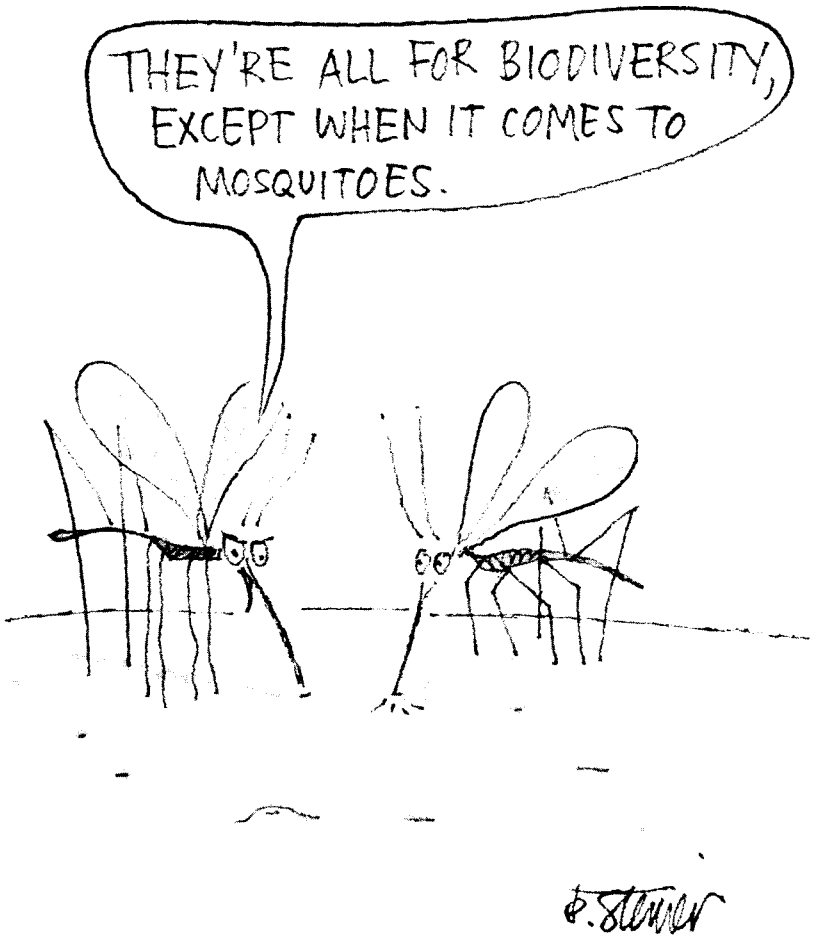

All of the increase in reported crime, furthermore, happened after June 2001; most of it after September 11.

In the 1980s, the last time crime reports went up as victimization declined, James Q. Wilson theorized that the trends stemmed from most neighborhoods' getting safer as inner-city areas got hammered. Things are different now: Crime continues to fall in high-poverty areas of cities like New York and Chicago.

Reported crime rates, indeed, may have started to go up a bit because things are getting better. During the 1990s, middle-class standards of civility were restored to many inner-city neighborhoods. Statistics on car theft—a crime that people are almost certain to remember and want to report—provide evidence of this civilizing effect: Car theft rose significantly in the FBI statistics but remained stable in the victimization survey. The best explanation is that Americans driving unregistered cars or involved with criminal activity will, understandably, shy away from police stations after thefts. As more people register their cars and otherwise obey the law, they become willing to call the police. The same logic extends to other categories of crime.

The new survey doesn't provide reason for complacency, however. By all accounts, murder rose a bit during 2001, and robbery rates remain stubbornly stable. But the latest numbers show that America's run of success against crime isn't over yet. ♦

In Blurbo Veritas

THE SCRAPBOOK had been under the impression that our colleague Fred Barnes was the first to blow the whistle on historian Stephen Ambrose's copycatting, with his cover story for this magazine last January. But an alert reader points out that Ambrose himself had previously all but given the game away, with this blurb for John W. Dower's *Embracing Defeat: Japan in the Wake of World War II*, which won a Pulitzer and the 1999 National Book Award:

"Without question, Dower is America's foremost historian of the Second World War in the Pacific. I steal from him shamelessly in my lectures; I do make sure to give him credit when I steal from his material in my books—Stephen E. Ambrose."

Take it away, armchair Freudians. ♦

Mandela's Dotage?

"Many people say quietly, but they don't have the courage to stand up and say publicly, that when there were white secretary generals you didn't find this question of the United States and Britain going out of the United Nations. But now that you've had black secretary generals like Boutros Boutros-Ghali, like Kofi Annan, they do not respect the United Nations. They have contempt for it. This is not my view, but that is what is being said by many people"—Nelson Mandela, in a *Newsweek* interview, September 10.

Many people say quietly that Nelson Mandela made a fool of himself with this observation last week. This is not the view of THE SCRAPBOOK, but that is what is being said by many people. ♦

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Casual

It's All About MeMe

I'm a big talker. Not a boaster or a braggart, I trust, but a voluminous producer of speech. And the number of words I devote to a subject may have nothing to do with its importance.

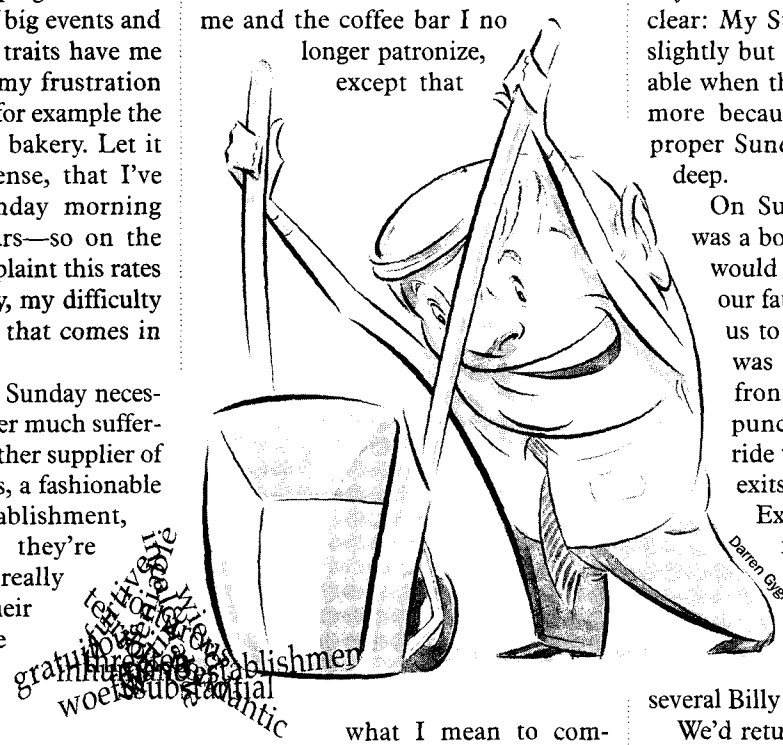
Add to this another unflattering truth, that I'm a complainer. There is hardly an inconvenience I won't turn into a small pile of words. Which pile I'll come back to, wondering whether the right stroke of editing might not turn it into something poignant.

Even in this time of big events and big themes, these two traits have me exhaustively venting my frustration over every little thing, for example the closing of my favorite bakery. Let it be noted, in my defense, that I've been buying my Sunday morning muffins there for years—so on the scale of causes for complaint this rates a little higher than, say, my difficulty finding a stylish shoe that comes in extra-wide.

I started buying my Sunday necessities at Ann MeMe after much suffering at the hands of another supplier of coffee and baked goods, a fashionable coffee bar. At that establishment, the clerks act like they're stoned—like they really have trouble getting their minds around the wacky concept of people coming inside and asking them for food and cappuccinos and stuff, and then the whole money exchange thing. And I was an easy customer. I'd order two salt bagels, nothing on them, to go. Which *always* elicited the same response. "I'm sorry, what did you want?" Two salt bagels, nothing on them, to go. "Do you want anything on those bagels?" No. "To stay or to go?" To go.

So the witless clerk puts my bagels into a bag, but first he has to look over to the manager for a go-ahead nod. Then comes the excruciating procedure of ringing up my order, which more often than not involves some rudimentary error of arithmetic. When I go into the store now, which I do only very infrequently (even though it has the best bagels for many miles around), I no longer correct the arithmetic unless the error is in their favor. If the error yields me thirty cents or so, too bad for them.

I could go on. In fact, I could write a whole *New York Times* series on me and the coffee bar I no longer patronize, except that what I mean to complain about in this article is not the continuing incompetence of those café stoners, but the impending closure of Ann MeMe, the dainty, overlooked Armenian bakery where I now buy muffins and cookies for eating while I read the Sunday papers.



Recently I stopped in for my muffins and cookies and noticed the store's main display counter had disappeared. The clerk told me it had been sold. Probably not a good sign, I thought. The next week, another display case was gone, and the owner mournfully explained that his rent had been raised, so he and his wife were moving to California in about a month.

I've employed many words to describe this situation: woeful, unjust, heartbreaking, terrible, cruel, just the kind of thing I didn't want to happen. I can barely contain myself. I'm straining the bonds of family and friendship with all my word-blowing on the subject. I'm a Seinfeld monologue on auto-pilot with a full tank of fuel.

As hard as it is to find proper words to respond to a major calamity, it's no picnic either trying to correctly measure one's lament over an everyday misfortune. But this much is clear: My Sunday mornings will be slightly but unmistakably less agreeable when this bakery closes. All the more because my attachment to a proper Sunday morning ritual runs deep.

On Sunday mornings when I was a boy, my two brothers and I would get impatient waiting for our father to wake up and drive us to the bagel store. Once he was up, we'd fight for the front seat, using actual punches and headlocks. The ride would take us a couple of exits west on the Long Island Expressway, just far enough for our father to drive really fast as we cheered him on, listening to Lionel Richie sing "Hello" or to any of several Billy Joel albums on tape.

We'd return victorious to a houseful of women, my mother and three sisters, still in their pajamas, rubbing their eyes and making coffee. We'd set the table and arrange the bagels in a basket. My father would make omelets, custom-ordered, for everyone. And it was always a great meal. I'd gladly tell you how much I sometimes miss those days, but that would mean filling this whole magazine with my little piles of words.

David Skinner

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Identity Crisis

In "Let's See Some ID, Please" (September 9), Fred Barnes doesn't mention the main objection to a supposedly secure national ID card: It would make life easier for terrorists. Whenever there's a gold-standard ID you can be sure that terrorists and other enemies will have one obtained legitimately, by fraud, or through their own manufacture. The sight of this ID will stop all thought processes and alertness on the part of our guardians—they'll assume the bearer of the card is okay and not take a closer look at him. There's no such thing as a counterfeit-proof ID today, especially for foreign or terrorist intelligence agencies.

And if you think airport bag checkers are incompetent, consider those who will be assigned to decide whether any applicant's "secure evidence" is sufficient to warrant the issuance of a card. There will be nearly 300,000,000 applicants, and it will require much greater skill to evaluate paper "evidence" than to spot a knife on an X-ray screen. Believe me, my dog will get his own ID without difficulty.

Norris Hoyt
Norwich, VT

The only legitimate purpose of a national ID card is to identify who is a citizen and who is not. A simple red, white, and blue card with the words "American Citizen" emblazoned across it and some biometric data encoded on it, such as a fingerprint, would be acceptable as long as there was no other information on it. If the data on the card matches mine, then I am a citizen and that is all anyone needs to know. The card need have no other data on it. No name, no address, no social security number.

Immigrants and visitors could obtain their card from the INS. Their cards could contain additional information such as an expiration date for visitors.

Any other form of national ID card is just a step on the road to totalitarianism.

Erreca Story
Mesa, AZ

"V" is for Vouchers

I do not wish to detract from Chester E. Finn's "Leaving Many Children Behind" (August 26/September 2), but I am concerned that, unless he's choosing his battles by omission, Finn has gotten sucked into a false premise that is left unchallenged far too often in almost every mainstream article on the subject of school vouchers and school choice since the Supreme Court ruling (*Zelman* v. *Simmons-Harris*) that vouchers do not violate the Establishment Clause.

Vouchers are appropriate, so the false premise goes, only for poor children and then only in cases where an education-establishment-mandated performance rating has not been met by a "failing" school.

While school performance is a critical issue, accepting what the education establishment defines for itself as what's good performance and what's not is pure folly. The so-called "standards" that are used, such as group test scores, only gauge the effectiveness of the school in terms of the children retaining what they were taught. In other words, how well the faculty is doing in terms of delivery. However, such standards do not address the subject matter itself.

To demonstrate why this type of measurement is not reliable, let's say a certain curriculum teaches that 2 + 2 = 5. When the test is given, 95 percent of students regurgitate that teaching, answering that 2 + 2 = 5. By viewing only the number of "correct" answers to that question, and not the validity of the question itself, we would determine that the school system was 95 percent effective in transferring that knowledge.

But 2 + 2 does not equal 5, and therefore our children would not have been educated properly, test scores notwithstanding. The education establishment, however, would still be able to say, "We are performing effectively, therefore no one from this school district needs a voucher." Of course, the 2 + 2 = 5 example is intentional hyperbole. But substitute "America was formed by conquest and murder of indigenous peoples," and you get the idea. When students parrot this theme in response to test questions, they are scored "correct" even though such an "education" is a far cry from what most parents want for their kids.

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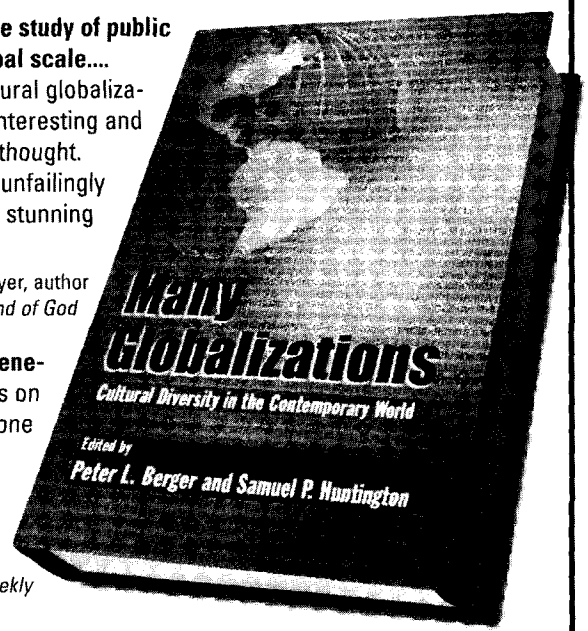

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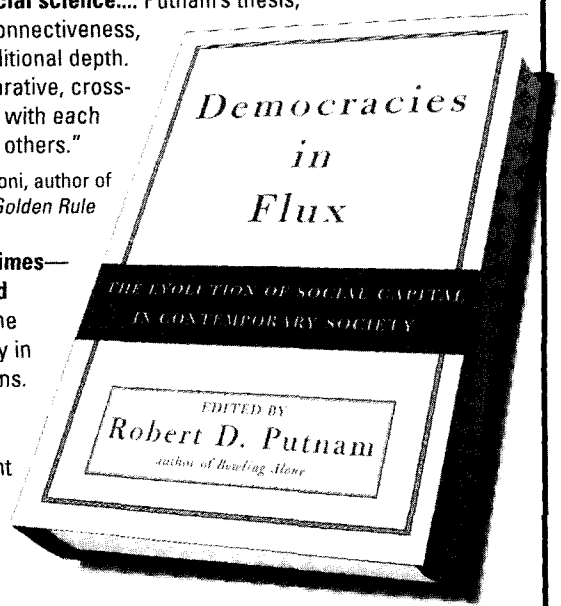

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ents saving their children from systems where delivery is poor (low test scores), but also letting them choose what is being delivered. Many families have two working parents, and it is important that parents be able to place their children in schools that reflect their own values, not those of the elite intelligentsia.

The purveyors of progressive ideas circumvent the need to persuade rational adults by teaching their values directly to our children, knowing full well the kids are not yet intellectually equipped to arbitrate between values they learn at school and values they learn at home. Over the past 30 years or so, our educational system has slowly but surely been corrupted, putting things like "self-esteem" and "outcomes" over the rock-solid concepts of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Any parent in *any* financial circumstance should be allowed to opt their child out of the public school system for *any* reason they choose, without suffering a financial penalty (which a voucher alleviates in large part). Yes, this will threaten the current educational establishment—that's the point. If educators know that parents are empowered to yank their kids out of schools in response to unacceptable material, such material will disappear from curriculums all over the map as schools compete for students.

Competition means two things for educators: They'll have to work harder, and their monopoly on education will be destroyed. With this in mind, we must realize that the educational establishment *will not do this on its own*. All parents must get involved and force their state legislatures to make vouchers available on demand to all parents, regardless of circumstance.

WIL JENSEN
Indianapolis, IN

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the weekly Standard

Bush Indicts Saddam

Here's the measure of President Bush's success in assembling support for regime change in Iraq. Following his speech to the United Nations last week, National Public Radio put together a focus group of college students at Penn State-Harrisburg. The unanimous verdict: Bush had indeed made the case for military action to remove Saddam Hussein. Yep, that's NPR, the voice of hyper-liberalism and the counterculture. And those were supposedly antiestablishment college kids. One student said moving against Saddam was long overdue. Another thought the case against Iraq is even stronger than Bush said. Still another, an immigrant from Uganda, said Congress "should support the president. He's our commander in chief."

Bush has turned the corner in his pursuit of regime change in Iraq. The days of muddling along, of off-and-on negotiations over the return of arms inspectors, of deliberations on lifting sanctions—those days are over. The options now are crystal clear, because Bush has made them so. Either the U.N. Security Council will enforce rigorous and sweeping restrictions on Iraq likely to lead to Saddam's collapse, or the United States, with enough allies to constitute a serious coalition and with the approval of Congress, will take military action to remove Saddam, destroy his weapons of mass destruction, and install a democratic government.

Bush's U.N. address was the toughest speech ever delivered to the international body by an American president, and it offered few sweeteners. The only applause came when the president said the United States will return to UNESCO. Instead, Bush presented the most compelling argument so far in his administration's campaign to gain support for regime change in Iraq. The week before Labor Day, Vice President Cheney delivered the first indictment, followed by Bush last week, and this week Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, CIA director George Tenet, and perhaps Secretary of State Colin Powell will testify on Capitol Hill. The administration has recruited House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt, who agreed to set up a bipartisan working group on Iraq. And last week, a group of Democratic congressmen spent hours at the White House getting briefed by administration officials. But this is no time for Bush to relax—and there's no indication he intends to.

At the U.N., the administration plans to take a smart gamble. It will push a resolution—another country, probably Britain, will formally propose it—to impose highly intrusive, coercive arms inspections on Iraq, backed by military force, along with other measures to take oil-for-food funds out of Saddam's hands, bar him from trafficking with terrorists, and force him to stop repressing his own people. Bush, in fact, outlined what he expects of Iraq in his U.N. speech. The best guess is Saddam will say no. He simply "has an unwillingness to accept weapons inspectors," a U.S. official says. Otherwise, he would have grandly announced the day before the speech that inspectors could come to Iraq that day, September 11. That "would have gutted the president's speech," the official adds. But what if Saddam accepts the harsh, new terms? Then, he'll quickly lose control of his own government and fall from power, though perhaps not as quickly as he will if the United States invades.

What the U.N. does is less important than what Congress does. A president can act without U.N. assent, as President Clinton did in Kosovo in 1999. But if Congress stands in the way, the president may pay a price (Congress may, as well). Approval of a war resolution authorizing military action would give Bush unequivocal political support for ousting Saddam to match the popular support that already exists. Many Democrats are opposed to this. Opponents of intervention in Iraq would rather put off their no vote until after the November 5 midterm elections. And Democratic strategists fear the debate over a war resolution would prolong the time in which Iraq, and not the Democratic agenda of domestic issues, would command national attention. Bush can easily overcome Democratic foot-dragging by asking publicly for a vote on a resolution. That would move the political dynamic even further in his favor than it is now. As things stand, Bush plans to ask for a war resolution, preferably a bipartisan one, the last week of September. By that time, the House may be on the verge of passing one. But the House isn't the problem. Tom

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U.N. speech, that a Senate vote before Congress adjourns in October is "likely." A public request by Bush would make that certain.

What about Democratic delaying tactics, questions, and complaints? Bush sneered at the notion, promoted by Daschle and Sen. John Kerry of Massachusetts, of delaying a vote until the U.N. acts. "I can't imagine an elected member of the U.S. Senate or House of Representatives saying, 'I think I'm going to wait for the United Nations to act before I decide,'" Bush said. We can't either. Daschle has noted that a congressional resolution authorizing Desert Storm in 1991—which he opposed—came after the U.N. had passed a resolution. But that was merely a coincidence. It was hardly precedent-setting.

House Democratic whip Nancy Pelosi says she requires evidence of an "imminent threat" from Iraq to back an attack. She misses the point. Saddam has weapons of mass destruction and is in contact with terrorists, therefore the threat is constant. Daschle seeks to know what a post-Saddam Iraq would look like. That's unknowable, except that democracy would have a chance to take root, lives would be saved, and weapons of mass destruction in even the most remote underground facilities would be found and destroyed. And what about the harm an invasion of Iraq would do to the war on terrorism? Answer: The invasion would be part of the war on terrorism. And the U.S. military is large enough and powerful enough to track down al Qaeda remnants in Afghanistan and around the world and still fight a war—probably a short war—in Iraq.

A final point in praise of Bush. All that's happening as the world moves toward his position on Iraq was caused by the president—the U.N. deliberations, the House and Senate hearings, the proposals like French president Jacques Chirac's that would put enormous pressure on Saddam, the support from a growing number of Democrats, notably Sen. John Edwards of North Carolina, indeed the fact that Iraq dominates the world agenda. By acting boldly, by insisting Saddam must go, by declaring the United States is ready to remove him unilaterally, the president has all but guaranteed that Saddam's days are numbered. As impressive as Bush was in the weeks after September 11, his performance in the past two weeks has been his finest hour.

—Fred Barnes, for the Editors

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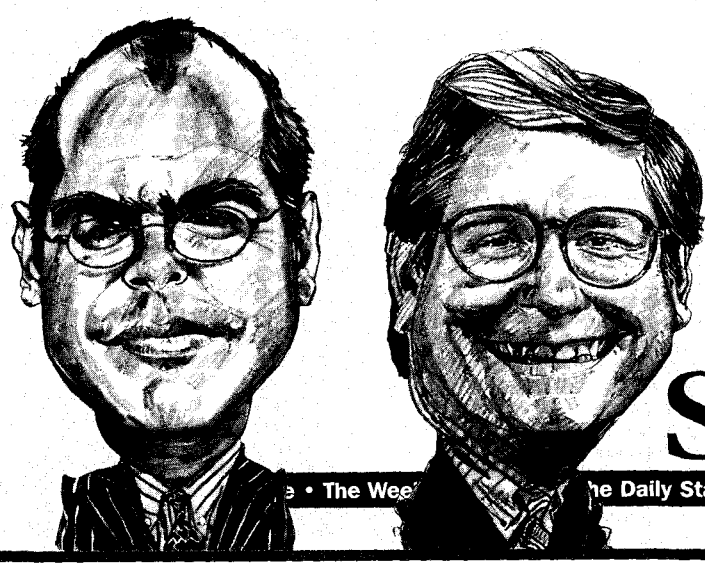

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The Democrats in a Box

Bush will insist on an Iraq vote, and Congress looks unlikely to defy him. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

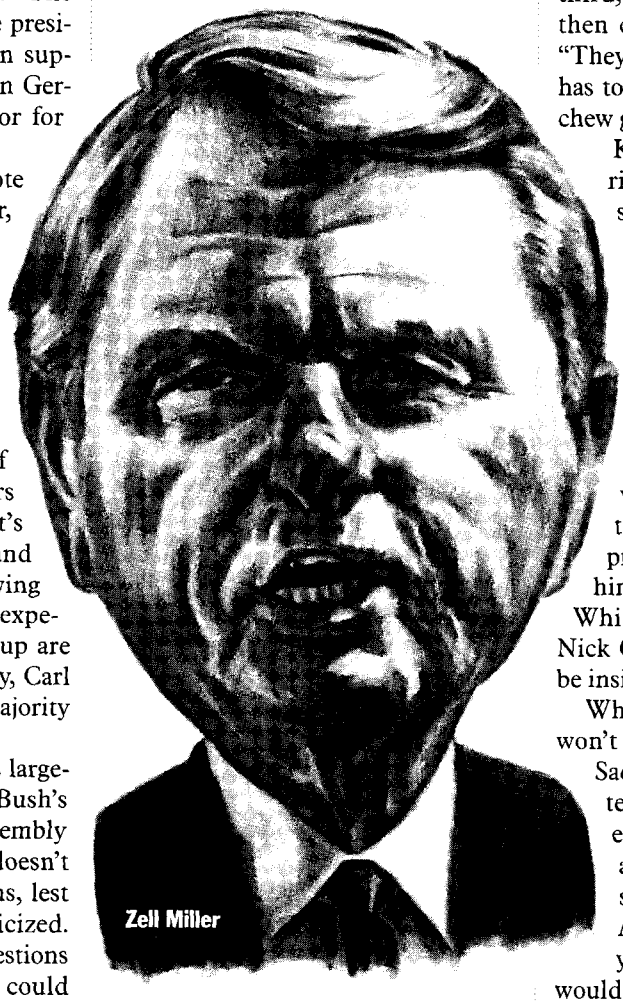
CONGRESSIONAL DEMOCRATS seem to agree on at least one aspect of the current debate over U.S. policy in Iraq: President Bush will eventually have bipartisan backing from Congress for the use of force against Saddam Hussein. "The strong presumption is that the president will get strong bipartisan support on a resolution," says Dan Gerstein, communications director for Senator Joseph Lieberman.

How and when he gets a vote on such a resolution, however, are questions that split Democrats. Several senators—Georgia's Zell Miller, John Edwards of North Carolina, and Lieberman prominent among them—have indicated that they will vote in favor of such a resolution regardless of when it's presented. Others rushed to praise the president's U.N. speech last Thursday, and then promptly set about throwing up additional obstacles to an expedited vote. In that second group are senators Joe Biden, John Kerry, Carl Levin, and, most important, Majority Leader Tom Daschle.

The remaining opposition is largely conditional. Biden called Bush's address to the U.N. General Assembly "brilliant," but said that he doesn't want a vote before the elections, lest the debate become too politicized. Daschle trotted out a list of questions he needs answered before he could support a resolution, although he allowed that a vote before Congress recesses a month from now is "likely."

Stephen F. Hayes is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Levin wants to give the president a sort of calibrated authorization—little bits here and there—a proposal one GOP senator calls "nuts." But the strangest idea came from Kerry, who in essence, recommended a congressional resolution calling for a U.N. resolution before Congress votes on a final resolution.



Zell Miller

Illustration by Jay Lincoln

The president was dismissive of such an approach in comments he made Friday. "Democrats waiting for the U.N. to act? I can't imagine an elected . . . member of the U.S. Senate or House of Representatives saying 'I think I'm going to wait for the United Nations to make a decision," Bush said with a muffled laugh. "It seems like to me that if you're representing the United States you ought to be making a decision on what's best for the United States."

Senator Jon Kyl, an Arizona Republican who has become a leading voice for conservatives in the upper chamber, also criticized those who would delay a vote on a congressional resolution. "Liberals are now saying this is a multi-stage process. First, the U.N. speech; second, the U.N. debate; third, a U.N. resolution; and only then can we take this up," he says. "They want to slice and dice it. This has to happen now. We can walk and chew gum at the same time."

Kyl says he called National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice to suggest that the president send a letter to Congress formally requesting a vote. Administration officials say that such a letter is not yet in the works, but they are leaving that option open. Regardless of how it happens, though, the president will demand a congressional vote before Congress leaves town in early October. "The president answered that question himself with one word: yes," says White House congressional liaison Nick Calio. "So, yes, we are going to be insistent."

While administration officials won't characterize the threat from Saddam as "imminent," they contend that the matter is urgent enough to warrant immediate action in Congress. "If Iraq did something tomorrow and Americans got hurt, what do you think the people on the Hill would be saying to us?" comments a senior White House official.

Although Bush has not yet formally requested a vote, he has made his feelings clear to leaders of both chambers: He wants an accelerated vote. The administration is forming bipar-

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tisan working groups in both the House and the Senate that are expected to meet two to three times weekly until the president has gotten congressional approval.

Zell Miller, a frequent Bush supporter, is one of a handful of Democrats whom the White House is counting on to make the case in his party. "Without question, I am with the president," says Miller. "I am already convinced. He has made the case with me."

Administration officials concede that they have "more work to do" with Democrats, but they are confident that much of the remaining opposition will disappear over the coming weeks, as the president details the threat. The U.N. speech, says a national security official with knowledge of administration planning, "wasn't our first shot, it wasn't our last shot, and it certainly wasn't our best shot" at making the case against Saddam Hussein. "Put it this way—the U.N. speech was the first act of a three-act play. If [Democrats] are bailing on their opposition to the president now, wait until people see Act II, when there will be new revelations about just how serious a threat we face." ♦

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Allies, After All?

Except in Germany, European support for the president grows. BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

IN HIS ADDRESS to the United Nations General Assembly last Thursday, President Bush, perhaps without meaning to, used a word that always jolts Europeans like a burst of electroshock. The word—which came up towards the end of his case against Saddam Hussein's weapons buildup—is "irrelevance." That afternoon, at a European "constitutional convention" in Brussels, the Spanish eurodeputy Iñigo Méndez de Vigo lamented: "The president of the United States never speaks of the European Union. Only of Spain, the United Kingdom, France, and so on." In other words, "Europe" and "European opinion" and "the European leadership" suddenly looked like fictional terms for airy entities.

Meanwhile, the political landscape of the *real* Europe—the Europe of countries—has been transformed by the president's speech. One after another, the countries fell into line. Norwegian prime minister Kjell Magne Bondevik called the speech "multilateral," which is Norwegian for "Count us in." Anders Fogh Rasmussen, the prime minister of Denmark (which holds the rotating E.U. presidency), had already expressed his (and Bush's) view that Iraq's violation of the U.N. resolutions passed during the Gulf War was sufficient *casus belli*, and that no new resolution was necessary. Spanish prime minister José María Aznar went further, saying, "Spain does not want the U.N. to become an obstacle to military intervention if that is decided on." Italian premier Silvio Berlusconi described military action as the "logical consequence" of Saddam's deeds. (Causing Milan's pro-Berlusconi newspaper *La Stampa* to write, without irony: "The Washington-London-Rome triangle is functioning marvelously.")

France had appeared for weeks to be the toughest diplomatic nut to crack. The French snickered privately at the *suivisme* ("follower-ism") of Tony Blair, and insisted that Washington produce a link between Saddam Hussein's Iraq and al Qaeda before they would support an invasion. What's more, polls indicated growing antipathy to the United States. A survey taken for *Le Monde* in early September showed not only that the French opposed a U.S. incursion into Iraq by 67 percent to 24 percent, but also that French voters ranked the United States and Israel as two of the top five "threats to world peace."

But France has moved from sniping skepticism to heartfelt (if ad hoc) support. On Thursday, the Ministry of Defense announced that its own evaluation of Iraq's biological and chemical weapons capabilities was "very convergent" with those of Washington and London. The next day, Defense Minister Michèle Alliot-Marie told an interviewer on Europe 1 television that, even should the U.N. Security Council vote against an American invasion, "Nothing is ruled out."

What France gets out of this shift is relevance. Following much-publicized consultations between Bush and Chirac, the speech allowed Chirac to take credit for rescuing Bush for multilateralism. France also gets an economically crucial say in how any post-Saddam regime would be run. And the Chirac government may even reap a political benefit, for the same polls that show an impatience with the United States also show a steadily growing panic in France over Islamic extremism.

Christopher Caldwell is a senior editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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By contrast, the president's speech has thrown Germany into a foreign policy crisis. Two months ago, lagging badly in the polls, Socialist chancellor Gerhard Schröder began to attack the United States for war-mongering. The problem is, his electoral libido got the better of him. Like Bill Clinton, Schröder is most alive when he's on the campaign trail, and his rhetoric quickly spun out of control. Having been more forward than any Western leader after the September 11 attacks in declaring his "unconditional solidarity" (*uneingeschränkte Solidarität*) with the United States, he now threw at the United States what the conservative *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* called an *uneingeschränktes Nein*.

Schröder quickly made up a 10-point deficit in the polls, pulling ahead of his conservative Bavarian rival Edmund Stoiber. It was tough to tell if his *Nein* on Iraq deserved the credit. A recent poll by ZDF television showed 50 percent of Germans opposed to an American invasion of Iraq and 49 percent in favor. Schröder's Iraq démarche coincided with devastating floods on eastern Germany's rivers, which washed away tens of billions of dollars in newly redeveloped property, most of which had been underwritten by the German taxpayer. Schröder was omnipresent, consoling the washed-out locals with Clintonesque assurance.

Schröder spoke of Iraq at every appearance, and his team insisted it was his statesmanship, not his hugging prowess, that had boosted him. Stoiber's people behaved as if they believed it, too. Stoiber, like Bill Clinton in 1992 or George W. Bush in 2000, is short on foreign policy experience. He reacted to Schröder's Iraq challenge by trying to duck it. Germany had too few troops to send to Iraq anyway, he said, so who cares what we think?

Within hours after Bush's U.N. appearance, this entire dynamic had shifted. Stoiber praised the speech as a strengthening of the U.N. But at an election rally in Regensburg, Schröder *did not mention it*. Interior minister of Brandenburg Jörg Schönbohm, a Stoiber ally, attacked Schröder by invoking the past in a way that is almost unheard of in German politics: "If the United States had behaved towards Hitler the way this government wants to behave towards Iraq, the Germans would never have been liberated from National Socialism."

Gerhard Schröder

Getty Images

By the time Friday morning's papers came out, it appeared the mood of the country was shifting Stoiberwards. Predictably, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* sneered: "The leaders in London and Paris are working to win back America for the United Nations and to win back the United Nations for America. The leaders in Berlin are working to stay in office." But the center-left *Süddeutsche Zeitung* took the same tone: "With his thoughtless remarks, chancellor Gerhard Schröder has mired the Federal Republic even deeper in geopolitical irrelevance. The decisions will be made by others, and the only countries consulted will be those ready for dialogue. Germany may find it has isolated itself—from Europe and from the world. . . . If we're to take the chancellor at his word, while the world community fights to avert a 'grave and gathering danger,' Germany will be the only country that sits it out."

In the Bundestag on Friday, during the last parliamentary debate before the elections, Schröder said he stood by the anti-terror coalition. He mocked Stoiber, saying he was unfit to be chancellor. But his *uneingeschränktes Nein* was suddenly nowhere to be heard. Stoiber, meanwhile, went on the offensive. Schröder's Green party foreign minister Joschka Fischer had said Bush's speech "reinforced [his] profound worries" that a war against Iraq would link fundamentalists and Arab nationalists in a coalition against the West. Stoiber accused the pair of them of "campaigning for anti-American votes."

Schröder's is now the only important dissent from the American ultimatum on Iraq. Given that he fought a pitched battle for weeks last winter to get his own party to commit troops to Afghanistan, it is the consensus of German political observers that he wishes to retreat from his position should he be reelected on September 22. The problem is that he has stated his position with such inebriated vehemence that it will now be difficult to climb down from it. That may explain the timing of Tony Blair's September 24 presentation to Parliament, where he will release his "proofs" of Iraqi weapons-of-mass-destruction capacity. Perhaps they will suffice to bring Schröder on board. *If only I had known!*, he will say. French, British, and Americans will refrain from mentioning that much of the evidence concerning Saddam's production of chemical and biological weapons over the years has come from German sources. ♦

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Tubes of Mass Destruction

Saddam is not manufacturing aluminum foil with them. BY SIMON HENDERSON

As the advance towards war against Iraq continues, the Bush administration has started lobbing missiles at hardline liberals ever unconvinced about the threat Saddam Hussein poses to his region and the world. The administration's game presumably is to make these diehards change their minds and to win over skeptical members of the public.

One of the latest missiles involves aluminum tubes. But the story here is complicated, and thus might confuse rather than clarify the danger of Saddam.

On September 8, the *New York Times* reported: "In the last 14 months, Iraq has sought to buy thousands of specially designed aluminum tubes which American officials believed were intended as components to enrich uranium. American officials said several efforts to arrange the shipment of aluminum tubes were blocked or intercepted but declined to say, citing the sensitivity of the intelligence, where they came from or how they were stopped."

Having leaked the story, the administration ran with it. September 8 was Sunday, and Vice President Cheney, speaking on NBC's *Meet the Press*, referred to the aluminum tubes. "What we have seen recently is that [Saddam Hussein] is trying through his illicit procurement network to acquire the equipment he needs to be able to enrich uranium."

A September 10 analysis by the BBC's defense correspondent, Paul Adams, mentioned Cheney's comments but noted pointedly, "Experts say the shipment does not necessarily prove anything." The BBC quoted John Wolfstahl, deputy director of the Non-Proliferation Project at the Carnegie Endowment, as saying: "It's disturbing but by no means a smoking gun." A further quotation came from David Albright, president of the Institute for Science and International Security in Washington: "It's a weak indicator. A lot of people disagree with Cheney."

One hopes these experts did not do the public a disservice. After all, the *New York Times* story also said: "The diameter, thickness and other technical specifications of the aluminum tubes had persuaded American intelligence experts that they were meant for Iraq's nuclear program." It seems a strong indicator.

For the perplexed, a short science lesson is necessary. An atomic bomb can be made from either plutonium, obtained from reprocessed fuel rods in a nuclear reactor, or from highly enriched uranium. Normal uranium is no good, as it contains only 0.7 percent of the fissile isotope U-235. Centrifuges are one way of extracting the U-235 and bringing it up to the 90 percent strength needed for a bomb.

Building such a centrifuge is an engineering challenge. It works on the same principle as fairground rides in which the young and foolhardy are spun around and pinned against the wall by the centrifugal force. In an

Simon Henderson, an adjunct scholar of the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, is the author of Instant Empire—Saddam Hussein's Ambition for Iraq *(1991).*

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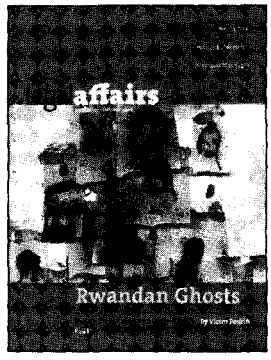

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Reuters

Still trying: Iraq's Tuweitha nuclear plant, destroyed after the Gulf War

enrichment plant, a gaseous form of uranium is introduced into a centrifuge spinning about 1,000 times per second. Some separation is achieved from the more dominant U-238 isotope before the gas is passed to another centrifuge to repeat the process. After the uranium passes through a thousand or more centrifuges, known as a cascade, a dribble of highly enriched uranium emerges. Left operating for about a year, a cascade can produce the 25 kilograms or so required for a nuclear bomb.

Aluminum centrifuges are old-tech, even by Iraqi standards. When United Nations inspectors went in after the Gulf War they discovered that Iraq had been trying to build centrifuges made from a much stronger specialty steel, known as maraging steel, and even carbon fiber, which is lighter than steel and can be even stronger (explaining why many yachts now have carbon fiber masts). Because these materials are so strong, centrifuges made from them can spin faster, making separation of the U-235 isotope many times more efficient.

The weapons inspectors destroyed the centrifuges they found, along with the rest of Iraq's enrichment infrastructure, but apparently Saddam is trying again. And as in the 1980s, he seems prepared to use old technologies if they are available. Back then, using declassified U.S. data, Saddam's scientists were also building calutrons, a method considered by the Manhattan Project but rejected because enrichment by that route took too long.

By contrast, the technology for aluminum centrifuges—developed in Europe to produce reactor fuel for power plants and submarines—is still highly classified. Iraq obtained its plans for maraging steel centrifuges from a disaffected and greedy German scientist, since prosecuted. Pakistan, meanwhile, built its first centrifuge cascade using aluminum devices, with help from a Pakistani scientist formerly employed by the European enrichment consortium.

So the question is: Has Iraq obtained plans for aluminum centrifuges from a less-than-secure European industrial archive, or did Pakistan supply them? Back before Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, according to intelligence officials, Pakistani nuclear scientists visited Iraq, and Iraqis visited Pakistan's unsafeguarded enrichment plant at Kahuta, outside Islamabad. It seemed surprising that U.N. weapons inspectors never discovered a Pakistan connection when searching Iraqi facilities.

If the plans did come from Pakistan, were they handed over before 1990 or more recently? And what was the quid pro quo? (Pakistan is believed to have swapped its centrifuge technology with Beijing in 1983 for a design of a nuclear weapon and enough highly enriched uranium for two bombs in order to jump-start its nuclear arsenal.)

One wonders what President Musharraf of Pakistan was thinking when he sat in the United Nations in New York on September 12 listening to President Bush lay out the case for action against Iraq and the responsibility of the international community. On message, the president again mentioned aluminum tubes.

When are we going to hear more about these Iraqi procurement efforts? Perhaps in the British dossier on Iraq, expected to be released by President Bush's closest (and so far only) ally, British prime minister Tony Blair, before Parliament meets for a special Iraq debate on September 24. The officials quoted by the *New York Times* cited the sensitivity of intelligence as the reason for withholding details of when or where illegal cargoes were detected. That's the normal formulation for intelligence material uncovered by a foreign country. Perhaps the Iraqi buying network has been operating in Britain, or at least Europe.

There are other concerns involving Pakistan, in whose lawless border region with Afghanistan al Qaeda operatives (and maybe bin Laden) are lurking. Before September 11, 2001, two retired Pakistani nuclear scientists with detailed knowledge of the other nuclear explosive, plutonium, were in contact with bin Laden. And a few weeks ago the London *Sunday Times* reported that Pakistan had been trying to buy more maraging steel from a British company. Officials had ordered the company to cancel the contract, but in a farcical confusion, the shipment was still sent. (Technical note: Aluminum centrifuges are built in sections, with maraging steel joints to provide flexibility. Otherwise they shatter at high speed.)

So producing more details on aluminum tubes would help the Bush administration convince doubters, but could open a Pakistani can of worms. It could confuse the message about the unique threat posed by Saddam Hussein—or prove it. Unfortunately, there appears to be little time to play with. ♦

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Muslims Love America

. . . in Kosovo, at least.

BY HANS NICHOLS

Pristina, Kosovo

THE EVENING CALL to prayer sails out over Pristina's September 11 candlelight vigil, distant and distinct against the muffled noises of the crowd below. None of the Kosovar Albanians gathered here heeds the muezzin. All go on quietly lighting candles and writing notes. An American diplomat remarks that this must be the only September 11 event in a Muslim country not coordinated by the local U.S. embassy.

One of many September 11 commemorations across Kosovo, the vigil is by this time well into its fourth hour. It began at 3:00 P.M. local time, roughly the hour when the twin towers were hit. Last year, a spontaneous vigil began around then, with more than 10,000 Kosovars lining Mother Teresa Street.

Throughout this anniversary day, all three of Kosovo's TV stations are carrying the Pentagon and ground zero commemorations live. As a sign of respect, the two main political parties have suspended campaigning for the upcoming elections for two days.

At nightfall, with the last of six crates of candles burning, the crowd gradually scatters. The local VIPs shuffle over to the sports arena for a U.S.-sponsored concert, Mozart's *Requiem*, which the U.S. chief of mission says is being performed in embassies all over the world, by over 170 choirs. Kosovo's president, Ibrahim Rugova, goes a little further than other speakers at the embassy event when he says, "September 11, 2001, was an explosion, an assault of evil, and we can say today that September 11, 2002, this whole year is a victory of the good over evil. The USA and the civilized world have prevailed and emerged stronger."

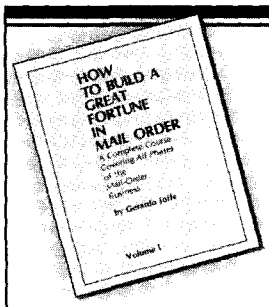
Strong words for a president whose country's rebel forces, the Kosovo Liberation Army, have been suspected of being a proving ground for would-be al Qaeda fighters.

Then again, perhaps his words aren't so strong, especially if you believe the Kosovars' insistence that they never received, or wanted, any help from the adherents of radical Islam. A Western diplomat backs up that contention, saying, "All the stuff about al Qaeda in Kosovo was nothing more than Serb and Macedonian propaganda. In Bosnia, yes, there was lots of al Qaeda, but in Kosovo, I've never seen any credible evidence."

Regardless of any militant Islamic assistance to the Kosovar Albanians in their quest for independence, the Kosovars today are firmly in the U.S. foreign policy camp. Their response to September 11 gives the lie to the myth that Muslims will never be pro-American. Their support for the victors—their liberators—bolsters the argument that "they'll like us when we win."

It's an understatement to say that

Hans Nichols, a reporter for Insight *magazine, is an Arthur Burns Fellow at* Der Tagesspiegel *in Berlin.*



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Agence France Presse

A commemorative ceremony in Pristina, September 11, 2002

the Kosovars have every reason to embrace American foreign policy. Were it not for NATO's air campaign here in 1999, they would probably still be living (those who remained alive) in very real fear of a tyrant bent on their destruction.

Whether their pro-American stance reflects practical considerations or a deeper response seems largely irrelevant. Still, Muhamet Hamiti, a top presidential adviser, is emphatic. "Believe me," he says, "our support for America comes from the heart and is not just a strategic drive. It comes from our sympathy with people suffering from evil in the world, the evil of our times—terrorism. We know what this is like."

For certain, Kosovars know destruction. A stone's throw from Hamiti's office—and there are many stones on these pockmarked streets—stands the shell of a Pristina high-rise, seven stories tall and lonesome for its walls. It now serves as a sort of public restroom and a roof for street children.

Hamiti's comments, like those of many others, could have been scripted by White House wordsmiths. "For Kosovars, the Americans are great friends. Not just for Kosovars, for every people who want peace and freedom," says Jonuz Salihaj, a candidate for mayor of Pristina in next month's municipal elections.

"We will never forget what the United States did for our country," offers Dr. Pllanra Sibrin at the vigil, holding aloft the American and Kosovar flags. "Arabian people will one day understand who is a friend and who is an enemy."

I ask a Kosovar TV journalist whether these sentiments are shared throughout his country. He says there is "no doubt." Then he interviews me for his evening broadcast, asking what it's like to know that "America has so many friends in Kosovo."

Of course, Kosovo is not the deep South of the Muslim world. Few women wear headscarves; many more expose their midriffs. As for the scattered few who do wear traditional Muslim dress, it's rumored that Islamic groups pay them to do so.

Just how Muslim are the Kosovars? "We are Albanians first. We are citizens of Western culture first," says Hamiti. Still, when asked about the Middle East, Hamiti gets visibly upset and threatens to call off the interview. Eventually, he allows that Kosovars are "strongly committed to the principle of self-determination" in Palestine as well as Chechnya, where their Muslim brethren are stateless.

But these issues aside, Hamiti is at pains to stress his people's pro-U.S. views. So, too, are his president and members of the opposition party. In fact, Hamiti traces the U.S.-Albanian friendship back to Woodrow Wilson.

Despite Kosovo's strong U.S. orientation (or perhaps because of it), some Islamic groups are trying to reconquer lost territory. Wahhabi groups like the Saudi Joint Relief Committee were in the first wave of charities that arrived when the United Nations took control of the region. But in the competitive world of the non-governmental aid groups working in Kosovo, the Islamists haven't found much traction. There's plenty of English instruction and computer training to go around without the religious component.

And while there are signs that some Wahhabi groups have packed up shop, everyone accepts that the U.N. is here to stay for some time. Whether or not that explains President Rugova's closing remarks is up for debate. For now, Americans can appreciate the support and sympathy in his words: "Let's oppose evil. Let's strengthen goodness. God bless the victims of September 11. God bless America. God bless Kosovo. God bless our friendship." ♦

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GOP Malpractice in South Dakota?

With a good candidate in a pro-Bush state, Republicans still may blow it. BY J. BOTTUM

AP / Wide World Photos

John Thune

ONCE AT A PARTY here in Washington, I challenged a well-known political reporter—a man who makes his living covering the ins and outs of America's elections—to name the junior senator from South Dakota. After a moment's fruitless effort, he quipped, "South Dakota doesn't actually have two senators. Tom Daschle just gets to vote twice."

That's a little unfair to Tim Johnson. Sure, he jumps when Daschle snaps his fingers. In fact, he jumps when he thinks Daschle *might* snap his fingers. But what's a first-term senator supposed to do as second fiddle to the Senate majority leader—a man who controls the big national donors, the party machinery in South Dakota, and the political plums in Washington? While Daschle contemplates a run for the presidency, Johnson's job is to fill a Democratic chair in the Senate and vote the way he's told to vote, whether he likes it or not.

Mostly, he seems to like it. He did grumble a little about the death tax. South Dakotans hate inheritance taxes, and Johnson promised he would vote to abolish them. But when the vote came up in the Senate this summer, Johnson was a good soldier and followed his pro-tax orders. Daschle's manipulation of the Senate this spring to prevent a vote on cloning may have spared Johnson another occasion to be whipped back into the national party's line.

But that's it. Only twice in the last six years has Tim Johnson even *talked* a position different from Daschle's. Of course, first-term senators from what Washington considers minor states rarely get much chance to show what they can do, but Johnson was a congressman for 10 years before his election to the Senate, and he's still left an astonishingly slight impression, passing through the Capitol over the last 16 years like a small and diffident ghost, as forgettable as his name.

Meanwhile, in his reelection bid, Johnson is up against John Thune, the hottest young Republican to come out of South Dakota since the days when George McGovern's Democrats held a stranglehold on the state, and mad Larry Pressler seemed the fresh, young thing who could beat them. Thune's only handicap may be geography. More than two-thirds of South Dakotans live east of the Missouri, but Thune is from Murdo—one of those West River county seats with an elevation three times its population, a town known mostly for the billboards that invite tourists to pull off the highway and see such roadside attractions as *The Dukes of Hazzard*'s stunt-car. Hardly anyone ever does.

In every other way, the 41-year-old Thune has the whole package. He's a Republican in a state that George Bush took from Al Gore by 22 percentage points. He's already won statewide office—with a population of 750,000, the state has only one congressional district, and Thune's finishing his third term as South Dakota's sole congressman. As tall, thin men often do in the years between youth and middle age, he's been looking *stretched* recently, the cords on his neck standing out in strain and the stress lines on his face unable to decide whether they're going to become crinkles or crags. But he's still a towering, good-looking figure, and his opponent—well, the best one can say is that Johnson plays in a different league.

On paper, this election shouldn't be close. At this point in the campaign, Thune should have an overwhelming lead and be out helping Republican candidates in other races (particularly the race to fill his vacated congressional seat, which pits the over-familiar four-term Republican governor William Janklow against Stephanie Herseth, a young Democratic lawyer so deadly cute that no one dares say anything negative about her). Instead, the Senate race is—in the most generous interpretation of the polls—neck and neck,

J. Bottum, the Books & Arts editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *is a native of Pierre, South Dakota.*

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with Johnson perhaps poised to pull away.

Part of the explanation is bad luck, part is bad history, but most of it is just bad politics—concocted everywhere from strategy meetings at the White House to afternoon teas with local Republican women's groups. In a crucial moment in the midterm elections, with control of the Senate as the prize and a weak Democratic incumbent ready to be picked off, South Dakota—a state that hasn't elected a Democratic governor since 1974, a state the Republican presidential candidate has carried in 13 of the past 14 elections—could easily have its entire delegation to Washington consist of Democrats.

On his side, Johnson has campaigned steadily and professionally. Elected in 1996 mainly because the state couldn't bring itself to tolerate Larry Pressler's peculiarities anymore, Johnson has managed to turn his invisibility into an advantage. "This isn't a vote for prom king," he tells audiences. It's about keeping Tom Daschle the majority leader. Never was a candidate so self-effacing. The Johnson campaign website lists item after item with the candidate's name second: "Daschle, Johnson Urge Drought Aid," "Daschle, Johnson Meet With Students," "Daschle, Johnson Discuss Issues"—over and over, until you think the candidate's name is Daschle Johnson.

Republicans, for their part, are still suffering from ancient, dynastic wounds. The party is missing nearly an entire generation of candidates—the fortysomethings who ought to have been groomed for consequential office. The 1993 death in a plane crash of Governor George S. Mickelson deprived the party of its natural leader, which allowed such misadventures as this June's gubernatorial primary, in which the state attorney general and a wealthy Republican businessman spent more than $4 million slanging each other so grossly that voters turned away in disgust and chose instead a little-known state senator named Mike Rounds as the Republican nominee. Rounds may well win the general election solely on his reputation as the nice guy who didn't run attack ads against fellow Republicans.

And then there's the long and ambiguous legacy of William Janklow, the wild card of South Dakota politics. At the close of his first two terms as governor, in 1986, Janklow decided to run for Senate—ignoring the fact that the senator up for reelection that year was already a Republican, James Abdnor, the GOP hero who had finally driven out McGovern in the previous election. Though he survived Janklow's challenge in the primary, Abdnor was damaged enough to lose the general election to a young congressman named Tom Daschle.

After Mickelson's death, Janklow returned to the governor's mansion for two more terms with the 1994 election. Now 63 and term-limited once again, Janklow was casting about for something to do when, early last spring, Larry Pressler began running for Thune's soon-to-be-vacant congressional seat. That proved too much for the retiring governor, so the Republican congressional primary this year featured Janklow vs. Pressler, like dinosaurs chasing off the young talent that will eventually have to take on Daschle's Democratic machine.

In the midst of all this, a great deal of pressure from the White House—engineered through Janklow's friendship with George Bush Sr.—persuaded Thune to abandon his planned run to replace Janklow as governor and take on Johnson for the Senate instead. It wasn't necessarily a bad move. If the race were simply a judgment between Thune and Johnson, Thune would win handily. And if the race were really a proxy for Bush against Daschle, Thune would also have a good chance. But a combination of Democratic skill and Republican blunders has made the election a choice between Thune and Daschle, the worst possible matchup in the state.

While Johnson has successfully pasted Daschle's picture over his own, Thune has been distanced from Bush. Against Johnson's argument that Daschle's Senate majority leadership brings great things to the state, Thune insists that South Dakota needs a well-connected Republican to balance things in Washington. You wouldn't know it from the president's recent trip to South Dakota, where Bush used the occasion to campaign *against* drought relief in the state most solidly in favor of it. Daschle meanwhile ran back to Washington and added Johnson's name as cosponsor to a $5 billion drought-relief amendment. "I have the president's phone number on my speed dial," Thune tells audiences. But what difference does that make, if South Dakotans think nobody's answering?

The attempts by Johnson and some out-of-state-groups to raise environmental concerns have mostly backfired, thanks to the widely held perception that ill-considered preservationist measures over the last 20 years have contributed to the forest fires in the Black Hills. But the failure of cloning to break out as a key issue means that Thune has no pressing pro-life topic with which to pin Johnson. Massive registration drives by the Democrats on the reservations are another worry for Republicans, as 9 percent of the state's population are Native Americans, and larger-than-usual turnouts on the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations could easily swing a close race to the Democrats.

Add it all up, and John Thune is in trouble—and with him, the Republicans' hope of regaining control of the Senate. A serious congressional debate over invading Iraq may help him, in the way foreign-policy and military topics always help Republicans in states like South Dakota.

But it will be bitter for Thune if he loses, for he could have floated almost uncontested into the governorship. And it will be doubly bitter for the party that pressured its most-popular young South Dakotan to enter the race for Senate. Thinking to hand Tom Daschle a defeat at home, the Republicans now risk another generation in the wilderness. ♦

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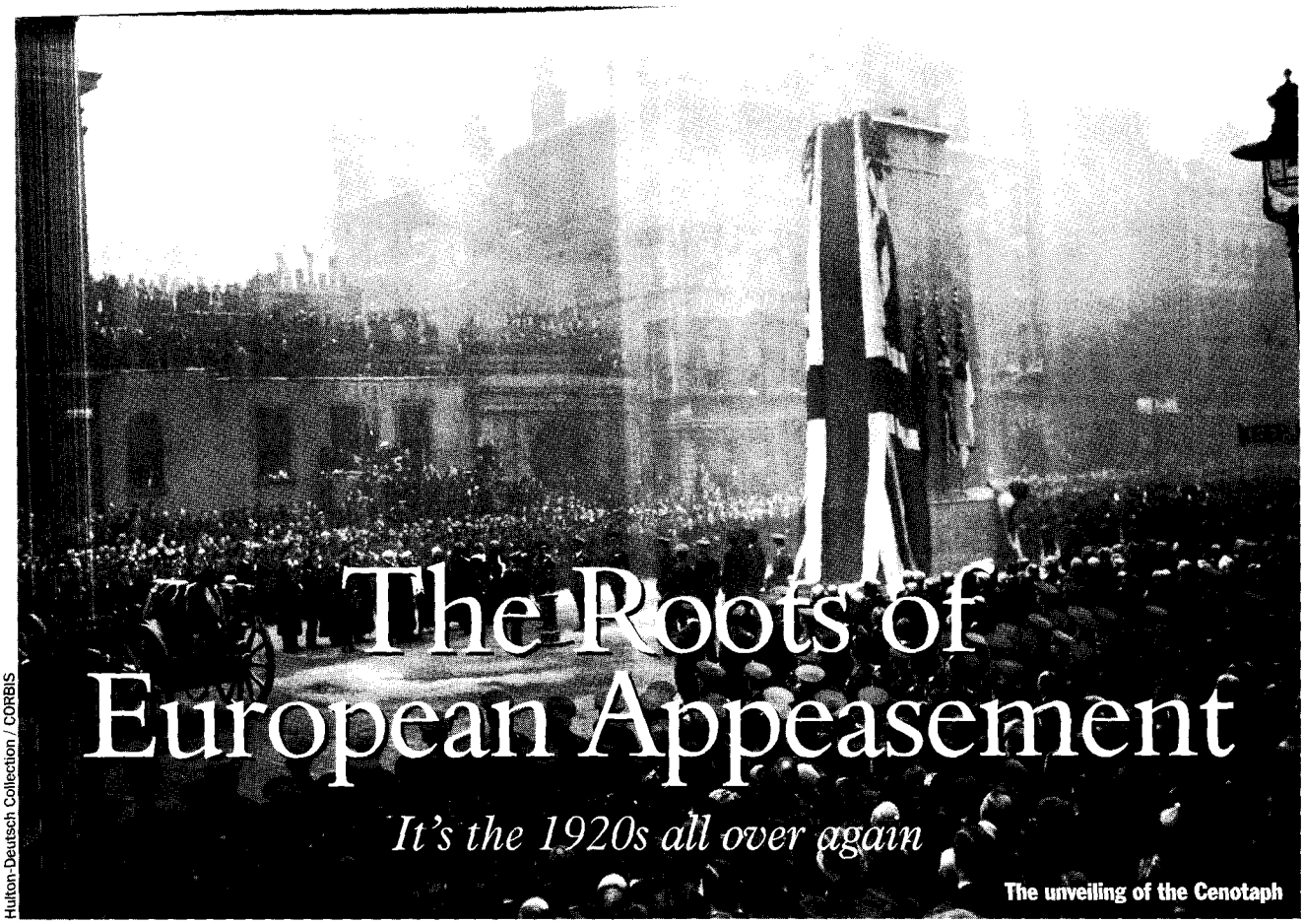

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The Roots of European Appeasement

It's the 1920s all over again

The unveiling of the Cenotaph

By David Gelernter

On November 11, 1920, there was a strange and moving scene in London. The king and his entourage unveiled the Cenotaph in Whitehall and laid solemnly to rest, in Westminster Abbey, an unknown soldier of the Great War. The ceremony had been carefully planned. The whole nation came to a transfixed halt—which had not been planned. No one had foreseen (writes David Cannadine in his essay on Lord Curzon, who designed the ceremonials) the "overwhelming emotion" of that day. Cannadine quotes the *Times*: "The authorities frankly admit that the extent to which the public imagination has been stirred has exceeded all their expectations." By the end of the week, roughly a million people had visited the Cenotaph and the graveside.

There were ample grounds for grief-stricken remembrance: Some million British Empire soldiers had died in the First World War. But another memory (conscious or not) must have transposed the nation's grief into a different, nearly unbearable key. Almost every visitor at the Cenotaph or the graveside would have recalled August 1914, when war broke out and London rejoiced—uproariously. In fact, virtually all Europe rejoiced uproariously. "Europeans of all stripes," according to the historian Peter Gay, "joined in greeting the advent of war with a fervor bordering on a religious experience." The pacifist philosopher Bertrand Russell writes of discovering, "to my amazement," as he wandered the streets of London, "that average men and women were delighted at the prospect of war." In August 1914, the war's ghastly end was unforeseeable and unimaginable. On November 11, 1920, its jubilant beginnings were unimaginable. On that sad November day, millions of Englishmen confronted not merely grief but guilt, and modern Europe was born.

What happens when a fundamental axiom we have believed for generations turns out to be wrong? Today we are finding out. We have believed that the Second World War was a continuation of the First; that the Cold War was a grotesquely extended prolongation of the Second. But the truth cannot have been that simple, because the effects of the Second World War are vanishing while the effects of the First endure.

The First World War seemed unimaginable but turned out to be human, all too human when compared with the Second, which was too big for the mind to grasp. As the Second World War and its aftermath fade, they reveal a "new world order" that is strangely familiar—amazingly like the Western world of the 1920s, with its love of self-determination and loathing of imperialism and war, its liberal Germany, shrunken Russia, and map of Europe crammed with small states, with America's indifference to

David Gelernter is a contributing editor to The Weekly Standard.

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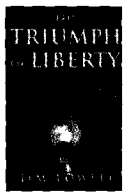

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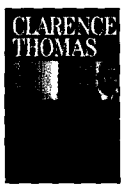

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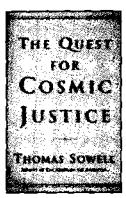

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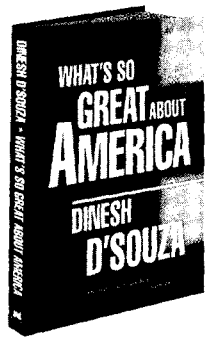

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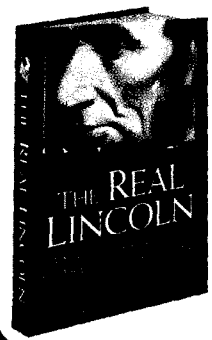

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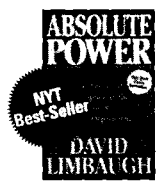

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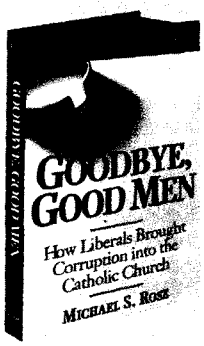

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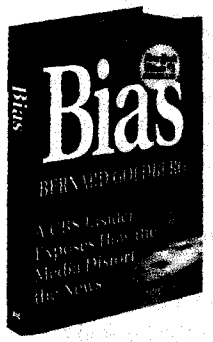

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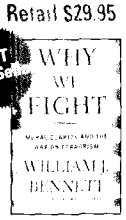

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Europe and Europe's disdain for America, with Europe's casual, endemic anti-Semitism, her politically, financially, and masochistically rewarding fascination with Muslim states who despise her, and her undertone of self-hatred and guilt.

During the decades following the Second World War, this world of Versailles seemed to be gone for good. It had begun to unravel in the 1930s. "The year 1929, the midpoint in the two decades between the wars, was an important watershed," writes Donald Kagan in his *On the Origins of War and the Preservation of Peace* (1995). "In October of that year Gustav Stresemann died and with him the politically careful, if determined, program of the peaceful revision of the Versailles settlement in Germany's favor. In the same month the Wall Street stock market crash gave impetus to a great depression that swept across the industrialized world, causing political shock waves of great significance in Europe."

Looking around today, we find ourselves in a nightmare house where the clocks all stopped on the eve of an unthinkable disaster. It is 1928 all over again.

The First World War ended on November 11, 1918. The victors met in Paris (the vanquished would have spoiled the party and were not invited); the Treaty of Versailles, which imposed peace terms on Germany, was signed on June 28, 1919. (The Allies settled separately with Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria.)

Europe pondered the jubilant beginnings and tragic end of the World War—and her spirit was damaged irreparably. On top of which, the victorious allies soon came to feel that the peace they had dictated to the Central Powers was vindictive and unjust—especially the huge reparation payments imposed on Germany as punishment for having started the war. (The exact figure was left unspecified in the treaty, like a blank check.)

The British diplomat Harold Nicolson kept a diary at the Paris Peace Conference, and included excerpts in his classic *Peacemaking, 1919*. The last sentence of the book is his verdict on the conference: "To bed, sick of life." Before long, that sentence came to epitomize Europe. Horror-struck guilt and self-hatred blossomed into 1930s appeasement, the policy with which Britain and France approached Nazi Germany's increasingly outrageous violations of the Versailles treaty.

"To bed, sick of life"—the historian Christopher Thorne wrote (in 1967) of the "weary ignorance" of Stanley Baldwin, prime minister twice during the 1920s and again from 1935 to '37; of France's "weakness and despair" between the wars. In 1933, when Nazi rule was just beginning, Churchill spoke of "the mood of unwarrantable self-abasement into which we have been cast by a powerful section of our own intellectuals." That was the year in which the undergraduates of the Oxford Union passed (275 to 153) their infamous motion "that this House refuses in any circumstances to fight for King and Country." In 1936 R.M. Barrington-Ward, assistant editor at the *Times*, told a staffer that "We are, as the Prayer Book says, 'tied and bound by the chains of our sins' stretching all the way back to the General Election of 1918"—when Britain voted for Lloyd George and vengeance on Germany.

Once upon a time we thought of appeasement as a particular approach to Hitler. We have long since come to see that it is a *Weltanschauung*, an entire philosophical worldview that teaches the blood-guilt of Western man, the moral bankruptcy of the West, and the outrageousness of Western civilization's attempting to impose its values on anyone else. World War II and its aftermath clouded the issue, but self-hatred has long since reestablished itself as a dominant force in Europe and (less often and not yet decisively) the United States. It was a British idea originally; it was enthusiastically taken up by the French. Today (like so many other British ideas) it is believed more fervently in continental Europe than anywhere else.

Consider the "Continental attitude" towards our proposed war against Saddam Hussein. If you had the Second World War in mind, you might think: Nothing could be more dangerous than to dither while a bloody-minded tyrant builds his striking power. It is crazy to let *him* choose D-Day, on the theory that if you leave him alone long enough, he will switch personalities and call the whole thing off. Human adults do not switch personalities—but if someone were going to blaze a trail and be first, a bloody swaggering dictator is not the man. Hitler didn't change even when his whole world had burnt to ashes. The last testament he composed in his bunker in 1945 is strikingly like *Mein Kampf*, dictated in the comfort of his five-star prison cell in 1924.

The wisdom of "act first, dither later" as an approach to threats from tyrannies was borne out by Western experience in the Cold War. When the Soviets threatened Western interests directly by trying to starve West Berlin, put nuclear missiles in Cuba, and float the Arabs to victory against Israel (in 1973) on a tidal wave of weaponry, America did not wring her hands and ponder; she acted fast, and won.

But suppose your attitudes were shaped, consciously or not, by the First World War and its aftermath. In that case, the lesson you'd take away would be very different: Whatever you do, never rush a war. Austria did not have to declare war against Serbia on July 28, 1914, but she was in a hurry to forestall proposed negotiations. Russia did not have to mobilize on the 30th, she was under no military threat, but she mobilized anyway. Germany did not have to go crashing into Belgium on August 4, she was in no danger

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of being overrun by hot-headed Flemings, but once she had mobilized (which she *had* to do because Russia had), her famous master-plan (to concentrate on the Western front, pivot through Belgium, and come down on France like a sledgehammer) would be exposed and rendered as useless as lightstruck film unless she hit right away.

Some Europeans know these details and some do not. But what every educated European knows is that World War I could have been prevented if only Europe hadn't been in such a demented hurry to fight. And the graveyards of World War I are a permanent feature of the European landscape. In consequence and in tribute, many Europeans are against all war on principle—defensive or offensive, just or unjust, mandatory or frivolous; and they hate Western civilization into the bargain. Can you blame them? The contempt for Western ideas, morality, religion, and traditions that is so prominent among European intellectuals is not the sheer malice it sometimes seems. Europe has earned the right to hate herself. If things go wrong, a scratch can fester. A pardonable act of (at worst) bad judgment—to whoop up a war along with throngs of your fellow citizens—can turn to scalding remorse as the death toll rises and rises. And such quiet emotions as private remorse can reshape history, when you sum up over a whole civilization.

This frantic compulsion to do nothing was countermanded by the Second World War and the Cold War—both of which centered on totalitarian tyrannies. That Iraq is more like these tyrannies than it is like Imperial Germany seems not to matter to the world's Continental Thinkers, who dominate the opinion-making elite nearly everywhere.

Look at Europe today: The peace of 1919 gave it political shape *and* intellectual substance. Versailles ratified the transformation of militant Imperial Germany into liberal, democratic Germany—basically the Germany we know today. Of course the liberal, democratic Germany of the 1920s went through several interesting transformations before it reemerged after the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989. But that is exactly the point. The effects of the Second World War were profound but are vanishing. (Or: were so profound *that* they are vanishing.)

The Peace of 1919 recreated the independent Polish and Czech states that had been submerged for generations. It created the independent Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia—which (again) disappeared during the Second World War and its aftermath, and have again popped to the surface as World World II vanishes from the scene like a drug that has worn off. The German, Austro-Hungarian, and Turkish empires were overthrown by the victorious allies in 1919; Imperial Russia overthrew herself. Today's Russia is the logical successor of the 1920s Soviet Union. When Russia made a separate peace with Germany in March 1918, she surrendered huge chunks of territory. Although she regained some with the defeat of Germany and the withdrawal of the German army, and others with the Red Army's victory and the expansion of Communist rule in the early '20s, she only reestablished herself as an empire much later. Stalin's deal with Hitler in 1939 and the defeat of Germany in '45 restored Russia to imperial grandeur—but only temporarily. With the end of the Soviet Union, the Russian Imperium took up where it had left off in 1918, and resumed shrinking. The resurgence of Imperial Russia under the Soviets was a passing fad, or so it seems.

Bolshevik tyranny retreated a step under the New Economic Policy of the 1920s; resumed retreating in the late '80s under Gorbachev, and then disappeared. Had the Second World War not intervened to build up stupendously the power and glory of Stalin and communism, the Soviet Union would presumably have vanished long ago.

The Russian Empire is gone—or so it seems. Why *does* it seem reasonable to bet against the resurgence of a Russian Empire anytime soon? Because the spiritual legacy of World War I and its aftermath is even more important than the political legacy.

Before 1914, imperialism and colonialism were two of the world's strongest forces. The pre-1914 world is just as strange to us as the world of the '20s is familiar. Listen (as you might to the chirp of an extinct bird) to the world before '14: The historian Edward Hallett Carr quotes the British imperialist Cecil Rhodes—"I contend that we are the first race in the world, and that the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race." In working "to maintain the greatness of the Empire," Lord Wolsey wrote, "I work in the cause of Christianity, of peace, of civilisation, and the happiness of the human race generally."

In the pre-World War I era, England and France led the world in colonial possessions; the emperors of Russia and Austria-Hungary lacked colonies but had vast European empires. The Kaiser in Berlin had a third-rate colonial empire and no proper European empire either, except for odd bits of Poland, Denmark, and France, which hardly counted. So Germany was the world's least-contented great power. The other great European powers quite understood the Kaiser's unhappiness.

Because the empires of Britain and France survived until after the Second World War, it is hard to grasp the big changes in attitude that came about because of the First. Vice President Cheney insisted in a recent speech on the importance of self-determination in Iraq; self-determination is a classic Wilsonian principle, a monument to the 1920s. The Versailles Peace Conference confiscated the colonial possessions of Germany and Turkey, but in most cases handed them over to new rulers not as colonies but as

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League of Nations mandates, to be prepared for self-rule.

British rule in India was the supreme manifestation of European colonialism. But when the British foreign policy establishment decided, in the 1920s and '30s, that India should become (in due course) a self-governing Dominion—in other words a free country, like Canada, Australia, New Zealand—it discovered to its surprise that Englishmen loved the idea. Colonialism still existed, but the fun had gone out of it. The government's India policy was supported by all three major political parties. Winston Churchill led the opposition; he predicted that British withdrawal would lead to massacres of Muslims by Hindus and vice versa. It turned out he was right. But in the 1920s and '30s, the tide ran overwhelmingly against colonialism—and it is hard to see (despite Churchill) how Britain could have acted differently.

No one defends British appeasement of Hitler; everyone agrees that Churchill was right to oppose it from the start. No one criticizes British appeasement of Gandhi and the Congress party in India (Gandhi and Hitler stand at opposite ends of the moral spectrum, but there is a clear analogy between British attitudes towards the two of them); everyone agrees that Churchill was wrong to oppose it from the start. Hitlerite Germany was the exception. India proved to be the rule.

So modern Europe's visceral loathing of war is a consequence of World War I. Self-determination, anti-colonialism, and the rights of small nations are Wilsonian ideals that took hold in the 1920s. The idea of Western civilization's blood-guilt established itself in the aftermath of the peace of Versailles, bore fruit in 1930s appeasement, and still flourishes today.

The evanescence of World War II, and Europe's political and spiritual (and in some ways economic) return to the 1920s, has practical consequences—for instance, for Jews and for Israel. In the 1920s, anti-Semitism was an accepted element of mainstream European opinion. In the 1920s there was no state of Israel, and few "mainstream" Europeans felt any need for one.

The Palestine mandate had been presented to Britain with the thought that she would carry out the promise of the Balfour Declaration of 1917, to establish "a national homeland for the Jewish people" in Palestine. Palestine at the end of the First World War was impoverished and underpopulated. There was ample room (as events proved) for millions of newcomers. Yet Britain was increasingly inclined to appease Arab agitators by restricting, and ultimately terminating, Jewish immigration. In fairness, Britain was, at the time, as she liked to advertise, "the greatest Mohammedan power in the world." Such statesmen as Edwin Montagu urged Britain repeatedly to be "the friend and head of the Moslem world." Montagu was secretary of state for India in Lloyd George's cabinet—a rabid anti-Zionist, a leading opponent of the Balfour Declaration, and a Jew. The British found the existence of such people as Montagu confusing. Montagu's spiritual disciples live on: One of the most unsettling, least discussed aspects of today's Israel crisis is the part well-placed American Jews in newspapers, TV, and radio have played in slanting the news against Israel. For the most part these seem to be well-meaning people who care so deeply about right and wrong, they have no time to distinguish between true and false. (The left often operates on that basis. Consider its man-the-torpedoes response to Bjørn Lomborg's *The Skeptical Environmentalist*.) Meanwhile other American Jews, and their friends, and truth's friends, work frantically to set the record straight.

In 1947, the United Nations (pondering the Holocaust) voted to establish the State of Israel in a smallish fragment of the original Palestine Mandate. In the 1950s, Europe gave Israel substantial support. Anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism were out of style. But as the memory of World War II faded, European support for Israel faded too, and anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism made a comeback. The end of the Cold War meant not merely the end of World War II; for Europe, it seems to have meant the end of the Holocaust itself. Europe wants to hate itself, certainly, but not for the sin of killing Jews; for the sin of killing *Europeans*. An important distinction. So Israel can no longer explain itself to Europe in World War II terms. World opinion (much influenced by Europe) isn't Israel's biggest problem; but it is a big problem.

Yet if the reversion to 1920s thinking is a tragedy for Jews and for Israel, it is also an opportunity. Many Europeans and their admirers think of Israel as a mere colonial power, an ugly European implant in the pristine body of the Arab Middle East. But there is a much better analogy—to the very states Versailles created in its devotion to self-determination.

In 1914 (for example) there was no such state as Poland. Poland had disappeared from the map in 1795, partitioned like a jumbo apple pie among the powers of east-central Europe. In 1914 it belonged to Germany, Russia, and Austria-Hungary. The reemergence of independent Israel required a unique historical catastrophe. As for Poland's reemergence, "only a prodigy" could have brought that about, Churchill wrote in 1929; "it was necessary that every single one of the three military Empires which had partitioned Poland should be simultaneously and decisively defeated in war, or otherwise shattered."

During the long years of Poland's submersion, many Poles stayed at home; some left for Western Europe or America. Many non-Poles settled in Polish territory.

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Germany in particular colonized its Polish holdings aggressively.

Obviously the analogy between Poland and Israel is rough. Poland was submerged for 123 years, Israel for nearly two millennia. But the similarities are obvious, too. Lots of Arabs moved to Israel during the years when no Jewish state existed. Lots of Germans moved to Poland. But Poles and Jews maintained an unbroken presence in their homelands. The idea that a Pole returning to Poland is a "colonist" is idiotic; a Jew returning to Israel is no "colonist" either. Nor does the fact of a large Polish diaspora in America make Poland's existence any less necessary. Nor does the Jewish diaspora make Israel less necessary.

Poland's 1919 borders (finally fixed in '21) incorporated a large German minority, many of whom stayed on. Her 1945 borders incorporated even more Germans, most of whom fled or were driven out; the historian Henry Ashby Turner reports a staggering "exodus of between ten and twelve million German refugees from these eastern regions." German refugees from Poland might have been the same kind of festering problem as Palestinian refugees from Israel. They aren't, because Germany took them in—after all, they *were* Germans. It is tragic whenever a settler of long standing has to pull up roots and move elsewhere. This is a tragedy that Jews, hounded from country to country for 2,000 years, know better than anyone else. It is a tragedy no Jew has ever made light of. But when such refugees can find a new homeland where the language, religion, and worldview are all familiar, it is a manageable tragedy. Jews have known worse.

Many thousands of Jews were driven out of European and Arab countries. Many came to Israel. By way of comparison, Arab refugees who left or fled Israel in 1948 (as Israel struggled to fend off invaders who had jumped her on every side) numbered something over half a million, according to Martin Gilbert in his *Atlas of the Arab-Israeli Conflict*. By an interesting coincidence, roughly the same number of Jewish refugees fled from Arab countries (where "most of their communities dated from Roman times," Gilbert notes) to Israel. So things are all even on refugees. Except that they aren't. Because another half million or so refugees came to Israel in the postwar years from the devastated Jewish communities of Europe—more than 150,000 from Poland, over 200,000 from Romania.

Israel might have kept them all in filthy camps, taught them to pine bitterly for their lost homes and eventually sent forth their teenagers to murder Poles and Germans, Iraqis and Egyptians at random, in order to establish themselves as romantic heroes in the minds of self-hating appeasers the world over. But they were Jews, and Israel took them in. For any fair-minded student of history, there is only one conclusion: The Mideast refugee story is first and foremost a story of Jewish refugees. (And yet sometimes, listening to NPR or ABC, you don't get quite that impression.)

Europe should be (you would think) very glad it all worked out this way—that Israel (like Germany) welcomed its countrymen home instead of (like the Arab countries) sending them back where they came from to blow up buses, schools, and supermarkets. Or does Europe feel, in its worshipful admiration of Palestinian refugees, that Jewish refugees should emulate them? Should Israelis whose families lived in Cologne or Cracow for a thousand years go home to murder German and Polish schoolchildren? The next time Europe feels inclined to blast Israel on account of the Palestinians, it might think this over, and cast its mind back to the 1920s, and shut up. "Our wish," Lord Robert Cecil said in 1918, "is that Arabian countries shall be for the Arabs, Armenia for the Armenians, and Judea for the Jews."

The idea that World Wars I and II are a single "thirty years war" has a long heritage. In 1919 Marshall Foch said of the Treaty of Versailles, "This is not peace. It is an armistice for twenty years." (He was right, to the exact year.) Many historians still think so. In his newly published *Shield of Achilles*, for example, Philip Bobbitt refers to a great war that "began in 1914 and only ended in 1990." (One important exception is *While America Sleeps*, by Donald Kagan and Frederick Kagan, which points out all sorts of disturbing similarities between America's behavior in recent decades and Britain's during the 1920s and '30s.)

Obviously the thirty-years-war idea is true in a way. But there is an alternative tradition too. People at the time understood the Second World War as an unspeakably large event, outside the realm of ordinary history. Churchill predicted, after the fall of France, that Britain's lonely fight against Nazidom would be remembered as her finest hour for a thousand years. Hitler spoke of a thousand-year Reich. By way of urging his master to join the attack on reeling, staggering France, Italy's foreign minister Ciano told Mussolini that no such chance would recur in 5,000 years. Churchill's contempt for the Axis was unbounded, yet in a speech of September, 1943, he reported Ciano's forecast—*five thousand* years—with a certain respect in his voice; a certain awe.

So perhaps it is not surprising that World War II should have changed the human mind forever, yet vanished from the world's everyday thoughts like your memory of a dream the next morning. It was too big an event to swallow and has been disgorged. It was too searing to remember and has been repressed—only to live on in the world's nightmares and (indirectly) on the faces of all those calendars we have set back to 1928. ♦

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Brave New China

The dangerous mixture of tyranny and biogenetics.

By Eric Brown

When Mao Zedong set forth his designs for China's Great Leap Forward into Communist modernity, he described the Chinese people as "poor and blank." "On blank sheets of paper," he declared, "free from any mark, the freshest and most beautiful characters can be written, the freshest and most beautiful pictures can be painted." Possessed by the totalitarian dream of human nature as his open canvas, Mao thought a new sort of man could be written into being, and that brutal means for creating the new society would be justified.

Today, China stands on the threshold of another revolution—the biotechnology revolution. China's eugenics practices are by now well known: state-mandated abortions, the harvesting of organs from political prisoners, infanticide of "defective" newborns and unwanted baby girls. But China's looming genetic revolution promises to extend this barbarism, and to empower it through techniques whose human significance we can only begin to fathom.

And this scientific revolution, once begun, may prove more difficult to rein in or reverse than previous attempts at cultural revolution. This new revolution combines modern China's commitment to scientific and technological development with its characteristic disrespect for the value and inviolability of human beings. It combines new kinds of technological control over human life with the totalitarian will of a state that already pursues its nationalist and economic ambitions through the eugenic manipulation of the Chinese people. And it combines a science and technology that claim their advance to be "inevitable" with a totalitarian regime that denies its subjects the moral and political liberty to assert otherwise.

China has already made some brave leaps beyond the rest of the scientifically advanced nations in crucial areas of biogenetic research. Chinese researchers recently created thirty cloned human embryos, and allowed them to develop further than any grown elsewhere in the world, for the purpose of conducting experiments and harvesting "spare parts." A "stem cell engineering institute" is being constructed in Tianjin that claims it plans to fill its vaults with half a million cloned embryonic stem cells in the next three years—a venture that will surely require the procurement of millions of human eggs. In the near future, China may well emerge as a major global dealer in human genomic expertise. Recognizing the opportunity China has to leap ahead of a comparatively reluctant West in the world biotechnology market, investors from both China and abroad may provide the capital necessary to drive China's genetic revolution to a much larger scale.

It is unlikely that the emerging Chinese embryo production line will face any moral or political hurdles to becoming the platform for other kinds of industrial human manufacture. Lu Guangxiu, the scientist who has spearheaded much of China's human embryonic cloning, has said that despite her personal reservations about the directions her research may be heading, human cloning and biotechnological innovation is an "irresistible trend."

To understand anything about China—but especially the significance of its biotechnology revolution—one must first understand the transformation of Chinese Marxism over the last few decades. The reforms instituted by Deng Xiaoping in the late 1970s had two significant goals. First, they emphasized the rapid development of scientific knowledge and technological innovation, without which, as Deng declared in 1978, "it is impossible to develop the national economy at a high speed." Second, they married the social thought of Chinese Marxism with the organization techniques of Western capitalism, all with a view to increasing economic efficiency and state power.

Over the last two decades, these reforms have yielded some impressive returns in science, technology, and economic growth, and some will argue greater prosperity has widened the scope of personal freedoms. But even today, in a China where it is considered "glorious to get rich" and Maoism is widely remembered for the nightmare it was, economic pragmatism has done little to further human rights and liberty, and much less to secure intel-

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lectual or religious freedom. The study of Marxism is still compulsory in China's schools, and historical materialism is the prevailing form of social and political thought among China's intellectuals. This orthodoxy plays out in the biotechnology revolution in two ways.

First, we rightly understand there to be something essential to our humanity that is "alien" to the world of artifice and technology in which we live. Marxism, on the other hand, claims that technology alienates human beings only when it is controlled by capitalist ownership, or when it separates human beings from the products of their labor. The Marxist therefore shares none of our concern over technological alienation from nature or human nature, but rather is concerned entirely with how to deal with the problem of capitalist exploitation. In the older Marxism, overcoming capitalist exploitation is accomplished by socialist revolution. In China today, the socialization of technology is accomplished by placing it in the sole custody of the state, the People's Republic.

The result is policies like China's "Interim Measures for the Administration of Human Genetic Resources." First implemented in 1998, these regulations were designed for the purpose of "efficiently protecting" and "rationally utilizing" China's "human genetic resources." The measures forbid private individuals and institutions to "sample, collect, trade, or export" human genetic material without government approval, and further stipulate that the "genetic resources" of the Chinese people, including organs, tissue, cells, genes, gene products, and any information related to such materials, are to be placed under the exclusive "administrative control" of the Chinese state.

The "genetic resources" of the Chinese people, including organs, tissues, cells, and genes, are under the exclusive control of the state.

This brings into focus the second aspect of the relationship between Chinese Marxism and biotechnology. In the Marxist view, technology is the wellspring of human progress. It is the means by which human beings transform the "realm of nature," not only to satisfy their material needs but to create entirely new modes of existence. Establishing human dominion over nature—especially our own—and transforming it through technology is the very historical process by which human beings fulfill their humanity. To the Marxist, therefore, emerging biotechnologies do not present dangerous prospects of a posthuman world, but rather the tools for a new historical stage in the technological development of what makes human beings truly human.

One need only consider the human catastrophe of earlier Marxist revolutions (or even the devastation of nature in China or the former Soviet Union) to know where such frenzied technological hubris likely leads. The power to remake man genetically presupposes the willingness to treat human life as a genetic project. It distorts every aspect of our humanity into a material problem with a potential material solution. Given the suppression of intellectual and religious freedom in China today, there is at present little effective moral or political opposition to the idea that genetic engineering is destiny. Moreover, one can only expect that our own biotechnical innovations, once in Chinese hands, will be used to further the totalitarian project, regardless of the libertarian or humanitarian motives that might have inspired their creation here.

The second key to understanding the likely fate of China's biotechnology project is the place of science and technology within modern Chinese civilization more broadly. On the whole, Western societies have shown a higher degree of skepticism toward modern technology than has China. This skepticism is due in large part to the fact that modern science and technology were invented in the West over the course of four hundred years, and advanced (at least during less catastrophic times) in concert with the political ideas of natural right and ordered liberty.

In China, by contrast, modern technology was abruptly introduced just over a century ago, at a time when the country was enduring colonial occupation by technologically superior Japanese and Western powers. To counter the colonial threat, Qing Dynasty reformers deemed it urgent to adopt "the barbarian's superior techniques to control the barbarians," and so from the very outset in China the development of modern technology was seen as an imperative of national survival. Ever since, Chinese leaders have called for sweeping improvements in China's technological base, and have heralded technological progress as the principal means of achieving "national salvation"—or the historical equivalent in China, "modernity."

In this way, science and technology have spread in modern China without a normative morality or politics to limit and guide their advance in ways that respect the inviolability of man and nature. In fact, the very opposite has been the case. During the late Qing Dynasty, at the dawn of Chinese modernity, the Confucian tradition came to be viewed as completely incompatible with the requirements of technological modernization. Reformers began an ideological assault on Confucianism, declaring that it had lulled the Chinese people into a three-thousand-year

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slumber from which they had yet to awake. In their political project of "people renovation," reformers proclaimed that science itself could serve as the basis of national modernization. These efforts at modernizing Chinese consciousness and society largely succeeded—only to clear the way for the Maoists, who used the destruction of traditional Chinese morality to their own political advantage.

As a result, we face an inexorable scientism and technological utopianism in modern Chinese politics that will prove difficult to derail as China enters the biotechnological age. Of course, science and technology have liberated many Chinese from the toil of subsistence agriculture, and a modern military and nuclear weapons have done much to assuage China's paranoia over a return of colonialism. But in the absence of a theology, philosophy, or politics to assert otherwise, science and technology have served to amplify the powers of a totalitarian state. As the biotechnology revolution brings new possibilities and new dangers for humanity, the political imperative of the Chinese state will coincide with the technological juggernaut: Technology should and must go forward.

Taken together, these cultural and political attitudes portend a Chinese biotechnological future that exceeds the grasp of even the bravest of Huxleyean imaginations. In a now infamous 1981 article entitled "Popularizing the Knowledge of Eugenics and Advocating Optimal Births Vigorously," Sun Dong-sheng of the Jinan Army Institute remarked, "The requirements of modern science, technology, and production, and the speed with which their development has taken place, have resulted in increasing demands for a population with attributes of a high quality." To meet these demands for human beings of a "high quality," Sun, as well as many of his like-minded contemporaries, advised that the "field of eugenics," with the science of "genetics as its basis," can be "established on an objective, materialistic foundation" and can thus be employed by the state for the purposes of "socialist modernization."

The state responded to such eugenics proposals with great enthusiasm. As part of the Deng regime's "one family, one child" campaign to control a rising population, the Ministry of Health established public health policies in 1986 that required prospective parents to be screened for physical and mental diseases as a prerequisite for marriage and procreation. Clinic-based and mobile birth control teams, the "womb police," began enforcing not only the number of births among the subjects in their respective areas of surveillance, but the "quality" of the newborn population. And they did so with surgical force: Abortions were required when fetuses were determined to be "defective," and sterilization was imposed on adults afflicted by genetic problems, feeble-mindedness, and mental illness. Under provincial regulations alone, it has been estimated that hundreds of thousands of human beings, living mainly in poor rural areas and minority-nationality places like Tibet and southwest China, have been sterilized against their will.

In 1995, a revised Maternal and Infant Health Law was enacted, which aimed explicitly at "improving the quality of the newborn population" through premarital examinations for disease and genetic disorders. When introducing the legislation, Chen Minzhang, then minister of public health, identified the birth of those with "inferior qualities" as a particularly heavy burden for Chinese society to bear. Beijing insists the new law made the abortion of imperfects voluntary, and to be sure, after decades of popularizing eugenics through public campaigns, Beijing has achieved a "voluntary" eugenics arrangement. The government's one-child policy and the incessant clatter from the intellectual class emphasizing the excessive social costs of the disabled and the unwelcome have mixed with other cultural prejudices to heighten parents' desire to have "high quality" children, leading to the increasingly well-documented practice of infanticide, especially of "defective" children and baby girls.

China took a further step toward "prosperity and social progress" when, on September 1, 2002, the one-child policy became national law. While the new law prohibits the use of ultrasonography and abortion for sex selection and purports to increase protections for the "rights and interests" of citizens, it also conscripts local governments, enterprises, schools, and the media to implement and advance the population and family planning programs of the state. Thus, the eugenic redesign of the population seems likely to become ever more entrenched in China both as a national objective and as the personal duty of every citizen.

So while Mao's Great Leap Forward proved to be a failure, post-Maoist China has come to embrace a biological strategy for creating the new man and the new society. It seeks to manipulate the nation's genetic stock through increasingly effective eugenic controls. It seeks to perfect the state (or at least increase its power) by manufacturing people to specification. One thing is certain: As genetic science progresses in China and around the world, the possibilities for more refined, more technologically efficient eugenic controls will only increase, and so too will the totalitarian temptation to hold absolute dominion over these emerging techniques and their human subjects. Looking toward China's coming biotechnological age in his 1981 eugenics paper, Sun said that the prospects for genetic engineering in China were "very bright indeed."

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Chinese autocrats and Western intellectuals will make apologies for China by claiming that Chinese thought, far removed as it is from Western philosophy and religion, lacks a concept of scientific and technological hubris, and therefore lacks sufficient grounds for resisting the modern Western concept of exploiting nature. Others will claim that "Asian values" give precedence to the welfare of the social group over the dignity and worth of individuals. Stretching this thinking even further, as Singapore's Lee Kuan Yew has already done in the human rights debates, some will claim that eugenics and genetic engineering are morally permissible within Chinese tradition.

But such thinking is both false and dangerous. A true restoration of the ancient Chinese moral tradition would provide grounds to resist, not endorse, the biotechnology project. In traditional Chinese medical education, prospective physicians were instructed in the classics of philosophy and poetry, in the arts and habits of moral reflection, and in respect for human life, regardless of social rank or individual strength. And contrary to the Marxist claim that human beings create their humanity by establishing their technological dominion over nature, traditional Chinese thought recognized an "ineffable, mysterious Way," which could be discerned in the comings and goings of the "myriad things and beings" of the world. For Confucian and Daoist thinkers alike, these natural patterns constituted moral guidelines for human affairs. Sages warned that the wanton—indeed, hubristic—desire to transgress these natural patterns destroyed the equilibrium of the world and the humane ordering of worldly affairs.

Today, there is a growing need not only for the restoration of richer and wiser moral traditions in China, but also for the demonstration by America, the most modern of nations, that technological progress and moral restraint can coexist. Above all, this requires resisting the doctrine of inevitability that lies at the heart of the biotechnology revolution. Nothing could be more destructive of human thought and human responsibility than believing that ideas and actions no longer matter. By the time Mao had convinced millions that his revolution was inevitable, there was little opening left for ethical resistance on human grounds, and much less room to secure a measure of human wakefulness from the totalitarian dream of the new society and new man. Can China—and the rest of the world—this time do better? ♦

Michael Ramirez

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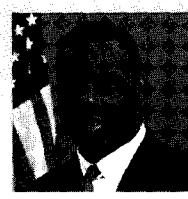

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Orwell and Us

The battle over George Orwell's legacy

By David Brooks

Hulton Archive

George Orwell was one of the best essayists of his time, and Christopher Hitchens is one of the best essayists of his. Orwell is famous for his intellectual honesty and his willingness occasionally to anger his allies on the left. So is Hitchens. A book by Hitchens on Orwell seems natural and inevitable—like an Ali-Frazier fight or a Hepburn-Tracy movie. The publishers are not hyping things when they advertise this book as "a true marriage of minds."

But for all the wisdom that Hitchens brings to this book, there is a problem with his *Why Orwell Matters*—for it leaves the reader with the impression that Orwell *doesn't* actually matter any more. To enter Orwell's world is to reenter a world of totalitarian nation-states, Communist intellectuals, blacklists, European imperialists, proletarian masses, and pre-feminist attitudes. But the Cold War really is over, and none of those other things is very important today. As you take the Hitchens-guided tour through some of those old, old controversies, it occurs to you that the categories Orwell used to analyze his own world would mislead us if we relied on them now.

David Brooks is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard.

Orwell was brilliant on Stalin, Dickens, Hitler, and Kipling. But his country is now run by the Labour meritocrat Tony Blair. As a political force, the working classes have been replaced by office-park workers who toil at places like Microsoft, temp agencies, and Human Genome Sciences. Marxism is dead, but Oprah Winfrey is alive.

Why Orwell Matters
by Christopher Hitchens
Basic, 208 pp., $24

Imperialist victims Pakistan and India are nuclear powers, while Singapore and Indonesia are Asian Tigers, and the main threat to global order comes not from Stalinist dictators or competing colonial powers, but from Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein.

Of course, Orwell still matters to the extent that integrity still matters. Stories about honest people always inspire, whether they are set in second-century Rome or sixteenth-century China. And one of the chief virtues of *Why Orwell Matters* is that Hitchens examines Orwell's honesty while, at the same time, extricating him "from a pile of saccharine tablets and moist hankies," which has turned Orwell into "an object of sickly veneration and sentimental overpraise, employed to stultify schoolchildren with his insufferable rightness and purity."

Hitchens argues that Orwell's most prominent quality was his independence, and it was an independence that had to be earned through willpower. Orwell was, Hitchens continues, something of a natural misanthrope: "He had to suppress his distrust and dislike of the poor, his revulsion from the Jews, his awkwardness with women, and his anti-intellectualism." It was through continued acts of self-mastery that Orwell was able to overcome most of his natural prejudices, in order to see things as they really were and

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champion groups that needed championing. Orwell was always checking himself, which perhaps explains the tone of cool reserve that marks his prose.

Hitchens doesn't quite put it this way, but the vice that Orwell seems chiefly to have overcome is snobbery, which especially afflicts Englishmen and writers. By training and not instinct, he was deeply egalitarian and detested the condescension of both the imperialists and the parlor leftists (he was fond, for instance, of Rudyard Kipling's crack against those who are perpetually "making mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep"). At the same time Orwell didn't commit the reverse snobbery of overpraising the downtrodden. He understood that one product of domination is that it can turn the dominated into rotten people too. Orwell also still matters to the extent that the ability to see through bogus rhetoric still matters. Hitchens notes that Orwell, anticipating postmodern theorists, was fascinated by "the problems of objective and verifiable truth" and the importance of language.

But for Orwell to really matter today, he can't just be some exemplar of abstract virtue or an academic semiotician before his time. He has to address the main issues of our day. And it is here that Hitchens fails to persuade. The three great issues of the twentieth century were imperialism, fascism, and Stalinism—and Orwell was right on all of them, Hitchens argues, carving out a principled anti-tyrannical leftism (a tradition that Hitchens claims to carry on).

To hold this ground, Hitchens must defend Orwell from those he sees as Orwell's enemies on the left and Orwell's co-opters on the right. Hitchens meticulously rebuts the attacks on Orwell from the likes of the Marxist historian E.P. Thompson and the culture-studies guru Raymond Williams, who despise Orwell because he gave ammunition to the anti-Communist enemy. Then Hitchens turns around and tries to show that Orwell would not have become a neoconservative.

But to reenter these debates is really to go into an intellectual-history museum. E.P. Thompson may have believed that Orwell was an apologist for quietism. Raymond Williams may have regarded Orwell as hopelessly bourgeois. But aside from a few dozen professors, does anybody really think Orwell still needs defending from these ideological dinosaurs? And as for the argument over whether or not Orwell would have ended up at the Hoover Institution, who cares? Orwell was valuable as long as the Soviet Union was around, but few people cite Orwell to buttress their arguments on, say, whether we should seek regime change in Iraq. The Orwell tug of war is over.

Archive Photos

Indeed, one of the striking omissions in this book is any reference to the events of September 11 and the war on terror. In his magazine articles over the past year, Hitchens himself has been crusading against Islamofascism, but even he doesn't enlist Orwell in that crusade here. While there are references in this book to forgotten leftists such as Konni Zilliacus, there are none to Osama bin Laden or the Taliban.

Imported into this new age, Orwellian instincts are sometimes more of a hindrance than a help. For example, fighting totalitarianism, Orwell developed an instinctive distrust of authority. But today the great challenge is reconstituting legitimate authority to preserve democratic institutions and civilized life. Many on the left accused Rudy Giuliani of using "Big Brother" tactics in his efforts to crack down on crime in New York. But they were misled by the category. Giuliani was no dictator; he was mainly restoring civic order and improving life for ordinary New Yorkers. Similarly, one can have a legitimate debate about how much authority should be invested in the new Department of Homeland Security, but if you start importing the categories of *1984* into that debate, you will end up in a hysterical shouting match that will lead you away from the right balance between liberty and security.

Orwell was perceptive about how colonial domination infects both the colonizers and the colonized. But if you see today's world through the prism of colonialism, as some on the left still do, you find yourself in a make-believe world in which Islamic Jihad is an anti-imperialist uprising, the United States poses a greater threat than Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein, and Arab and African dictators are somehow the legitimate manifestations of their indigenous cultures. Orwell is not to blame. He didn't face the problems we face. Queen Victoria's colonialism was nothing like the democratic imperialism America practices in Serbia and Afghanistan. Islamic fascism is not quite the same as Italian fascism.

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But the main reason Orwell doesn't matter much to our current controversies is that, as Hitchens acknowledges, he never really paid much attention to the United States. And that illustrates a significant difference between the debate we are engaged in today and the Cold War debate that Orwell dominated. During the Cold War, the essential issue was Marxism. The key debate was over what sort of society the Soviets were building: Was it the vanguard of the glorious future, or was it a tyranny of some new- or old-fashioned sort? Orwell's Europe certainly experienced waves of anti-Americanism, but for intellectuals in Orwell's day, reading Marx, Hegel, Trotsky, and Lenin was more important than reading Jefferson, Hamilton, or Adam Smith.

Our current battle lines often resemble the Cold War's battle lines. But the focus of attention has shifted. Now America is the main issue. Is America the vanguard of the future or is its political and cultural might more a threat and a corrupter?

Certainly there is interest in what motivates the Islamic extremists. But there aren't many pro-Islamist intellectuals writing in the *New York Review of Books*. No one thinks Islamists are heralding a glorious future or are the chief influence on the world. Today it is how you feel about the United States that determines whether or not you think America should play an assertive and, if necessary, unilateral role around the world.

Orwell would matter if he had written about American idealism, America's sense of mission, mass affluence, the triumph of the market mentality, American history, or Pax Americana. But while he seems to have had a general disdain for American culture—and championed, in a vague way, European socialist unity as a way to counterbalance American hegemony—he never turned his full attention to this country and its ideas.

So in writing this book, Hitchens seems actually to have pulled himself away from the main topics that occupy him when he writes for magazines. At this moment, oddly enough, Hitchens matters more than Orwell. ♦

Right Then

Burnham, Meyer, and the varieties of conservative experience. BY GREGORY L. SCHNEIDER

Back in 1994, in a much-discussed essay in the *American Historical Review*, Columbia University's Alan Brinkley insisted that historians' preference for liberal and progressive interpretations had caused them to neglect the phenomenon of American conservatism. In the years since, several important books have studied the political success of conservatism. But few have taken up the ideas and personalities that shaped the movement.

James Burnham and the Struggle for the World
A Life
by Daniel Kelly
ISI, 443 pp., $29.95

Principles and Heresies
Frank S. Meyer and the Shaping of the American Conservative Movement
by Kevin J. Smant
ISI, 390 pp., $29.95

Daniel Kelly's *James Burnham and the Struggle for the World* and Kevin J. Smant's *Principles and Heresies: Frank S. Meyer and the Shaping of the American Conservative Movement* begin to fill the gap. Both are fine biographies of crucial figures in American conservatism after World War II. Both combine biographical and intellectual history to make important contributions to our historical understanding.

But beyond the historical interest, the question about what we should learn from these books remains unanswered. Are either of their central figures important anymore for understanding contemporary American conservatism? Do James Burnham and Frank Meyer still have anything to tell us?

Both Burnham and Meyer began as Marxists, with Meyer the more dedicated Communist and Burnham, a professor of philosophy at New York University, the more sophisticated intellectual. Both became disenchanted with communism in the 1940s. Burnham left Communist sectarian politics to write his influential *The Managerial Revolution: What Is Happening in the World* in 1941. Meyer, troubled by his growing doubt of communism's efficacy, left the party at the end of World War II.

Burnham quickly became an architect of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, a CIA-funded organization of anti-Communist intellectuals, and wrote about the "struggle for the world" that constituted the Cold War. Meyer spent his time out of the public eye, voraciously devouring works on classical liberal thought, philosophy, and history. He contributed to the libertarian *Freeman* in the early 1950s and became book-review editor of the conservative *American Mercury*. In 1955, both men became affiliated with William F. Buckley's *National Review*, with Burnham acting as Buckley's intellectual mentor and Meyer, within a year of the new magazine's appearance, taking over as the books editor. Meyer died of cancer in 1971, and Burnham suffered a stroke in 1978 that ended his public career nine years before his death in 1987.

Burnham's three books on communism—*The Struggle for the World* (1947), *The Coming Defeat of Communism* (1953), and *Containment or Liberation?* (1953)—articulated a globalist conservative anti-communism, but his most

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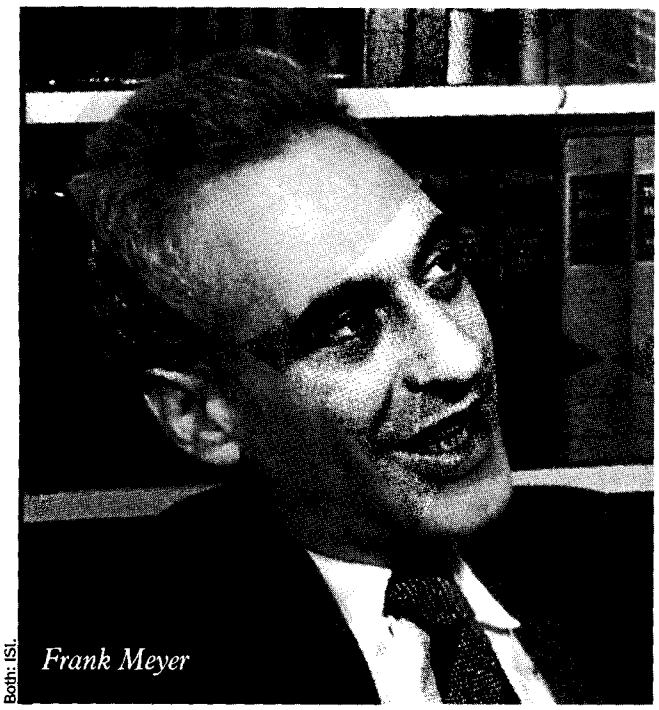
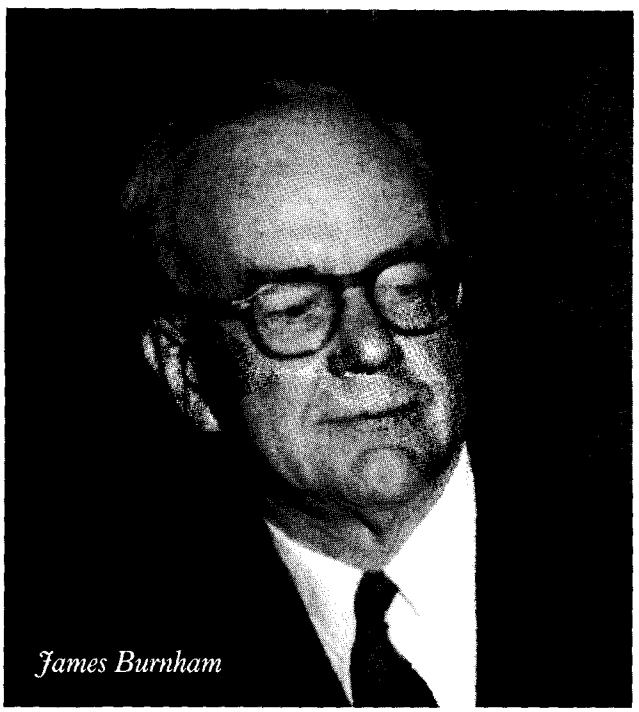


Frank Meyer



James Burnham

Both: ISI.

famous book is probably the 1964 *Suicide of the West*, his last original work. In *James Burnham and the Struggle for the World*, Kelly argues convincingly that what unified all of Burnham's work was an Augustinian skepticism and a fear of the "Caesarism" endemic in the growth of the managerial state and the rise of executive power. His recognition of the totalitarian nature of communism, combined with his skepticism about liberalism's ability to deal with the threat, fed his growing pessimism and belief that the West had failed.

Throughout the late 1950s and early 1960s, Meyer wrestled with the diverse and contradictory strands of conservative thought, and his real contribution to conservatism was his success at uniting for practical ends the feuding factions of the Right. Traditionalists, such as Russell Kirk and Richard Weaver, emphasized social order and prescriptive tradition as necessary ingredients of a virtuous society, while individualists and classical liberals, such as F.A. Hayek and Milton Friedman, defended the individual person and freedom as ends in themselves. Meyer was more sympathetic to the latter view. He attacked Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* in the July 1955 *Freeman* as "another guise for the collectivist spirit of the age." So too, *In Defense of Freedom*, Meyer's 1962 book, prefers the classical liberal position of individual freedom to the conservatism of Russell Kirk.

But, as Smant argues in *Principles and Heresies*, Meyer also recognized the positions shared by libertarians and social conservatives—as shown by the conservatism beginning to sweep across college campuses in the early 1960s.

Meyer always acted as a mentor to young people, often talking with them late into the night, and was much loved as a speaker on campuses and among the leaders of Young Americans for Freedom. Meyer's "fusion" of traditionalism and libertarianism allowed conservatives to put aside disputes and get on with the necessary work of constructing a political movement.

Nonetheless, Meyer's brand of fusion contributed to the problems of ideological coherence from which conservatism continues to suffer. In practice, fusion allowed Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, and innumerable other politicians to embrace free-market capitalism, traditional morality, and anti-communism simultaneously. But as a theory, fusion was considerably less successful, and however much Frank Meyer's work still defines the situation of conservatives today, it offers no blueprint for the future.

As for James Burnham, what is his relevance for contemporary conservatives? Gary Dorrien and Richard Brookhiser, among others, claim Burnham as a neoconservative, and they have—as Kelly notes in his biography—some cause to do so, particularly in his anti-communism.

But the paleoconservatives also claim Burnham as a patron saint, for his managerialism offers a diagnosis of a society that pits the grass-roots against the elite, and his later writings on Western suicide resonate with paleoconservative themes.

These biographies of James Burnham and Frank Meyer by Kelly and Smant present in great detail the lives, literary influences, and work of two conservative giants. Their clarity of thought and their responses to the problems of their age remind us why it is useful to study history and escape the grip of the immediately relevant. But Burnham and Meyer explain only how we got to our present position, not where we go from here. ♦

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Frank Talk

Lingua Franca's *attempt to tell the truth about academia.* BY JOHN WILSON

"There is no method," T.S. Eliot once proclaimed, "except to be very intelligent"—to which the editors of *Lingua Franca*, the late lamented "Review of Academic Life," added another requirement: "to be very hip." It was an outlook that allowed the magazine to avoid the preachiness and predictability that characterized much intellectual journalism throughout the 1990s, but it came at a price.

Quick Studies
The Best of Lingua Franca
edited by Alexander Star
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 384 pp., $18

Lingua Franca was the brainchild of Jeffrey Kittay, a former professor of French literature at Yale. At first glance Kittay seemed an unlikely man for the job, too deeply entrenched in academia to observe it with a measure of objectivity and the requisite sense of the absurd. He'd taught at Yale when the vogue for deconstruction was at its peak and New Haven was a suburb of Paris. His first book, *The Emergence of Prose*, was coauthored with Wlad Godzich, a globe-trotting, multilingual savant who appears to have escaped from the pages of a David Lodge novel.

But Kittay possessed two qualities that set him apart from many of his fellow academics: an entrepreneurial spirit and an independent income. He left the professoriate and in 1990 launched *Lingua Franca*. Presided over by a series of talented editors—Judith Shulevitz, Margaret Talbot, and Alexander Star—the magazine quickly established its signature style: a blend of reporting, gossip, and inspired silliness.

Mainstream journalism typically treats ideas with an anxiety verging on desperation. Every subject has to be oversold; otherwise, who would pay attention? Hence the huffing and puffing with which the newsmagazines trumpet an endless succession of breakthroughs: "The Fossil Find That Changes Everything," "The Radical New Psychology of Emotions," and so on. Meanwhile, intellectual journalism—the sort of thing one finds in the pages of *Commentary*, the *New Criterion*, and *Dissent*, for example—suffers the recurring temptation of stuffy solemnity, ideological narrowness, and a cloying coterie atmosphere.

Lingua Franca was fresher, funnier, less self-consciously responsible (for both good and ill). The magazine brimmed over with intellectual curiosity and wit, and its range of subjects was exhilarating: the totalitarian excesses of "copyright protection" (experienced firsthand by any poor soul who has tried to quote a few lines of T.S. Eliot or Emily Dickinson, not to mention the lyrics for Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven"), the fiery reign of John Silber at Boston University, the intellectual pilgrimage of the philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre, the efforts of the financier Sir John Templeton to influence university teaching on science and religion, the battles over a Freud exhibition at the Library of Congress, and the experience of mostly leftish scholars studying the far reaches of the American right.

All of those topics, it happens, could be found in a single issue—the December 1995 issue—along with a listing of "tenurings and hirings to tenure" for the academic year and a smorgasbord of short takes, including a hilarious report on a term-paper mill with offerings ranging from "Bob Dylan's 1963 Speech to Emergency Civil Liberties Committee" (a "Neo-Aristotelian analysis of drunken singer-songwriter's address on occasion of receiving the Tom Paine Award") to "Dentistry and Nonverbal Communication."

Lingua Franca's contributors didn't all belong to the same club. The magazine's default stance was a compound of the attitudes one would expect to find among, say, listeners to NPR, but the profile of MacIntyre, for instance, was by the Catholic editor and writer Paul Elie, and the non-liberal journalist Charlotte Allen was a regular contributor who wrote several cover stories for the magazine on religious topics. "One of the major virtues of liberal society in the past," Richard Hofstadter concluded in *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, "was that it made possible such a variety of styles of intellectual life. . . . What matters is the openness and generosity needed to comprehend the varieties of excellence." It would be hard to find another magazine of the nineties that exhibited such openness and generosity more impressively than *Lingua Franca*.

The magazine's finest hour—and its claim to a footnote in the intellectual history of the twentieth century—came with the May/June 1996 issue, in which physicist Alan Sokal revealed the hoax he'd perpetrated in the journal *Social Text*. Sokal's devastating parody, "Transgressing the Boundaries: Toward a Transformative Hermeneutics of Quantum Gravity," skewered a whole generation of postmodern poseurs—and put *Lingua Franca* in the news.

Behind the scenes, the magazine was clearly influencing coverage of the academy and culture more generally. The Saturday "Arts & Ideas" section in the *New York Times*, launched in November 1997, bore traces of *Lingua Franca*, as did many stories in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. Meanwhile, Kittay was expanding the franchise. In 1997, he started a new magazine, *University Business*, and three years later he acquired the "Arts & Let-

John Wilson is editor of Books & Culture.

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ters Daily" website. There were spin-offs from *Lingua Franca*, too, including a guide to graduate school ("the ultimate insider's map"), a book on the Sokal affair, and a short-lived, free-standing book review supplement.

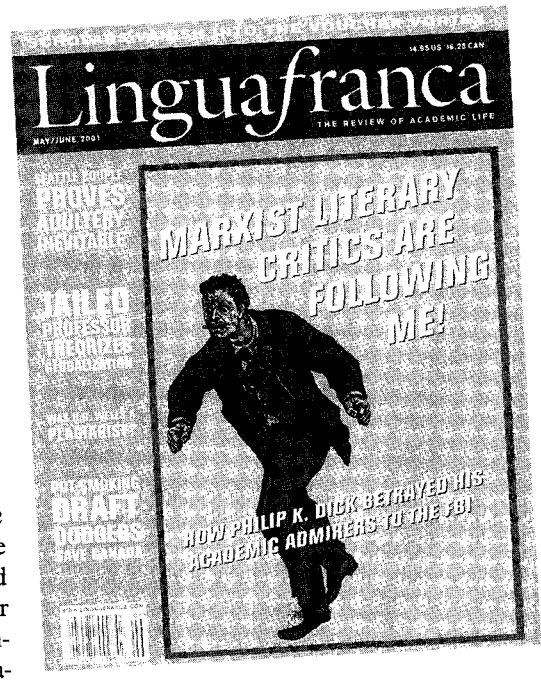
It was a shock, then, even amid the grim bulletins from the magazine industry in the fall of 2001, to hear that *Lingua Franca* was suspending publication after its November issue. Kittay was quoted as saying that a single unnamed investor, who had kept the enterprise afloat, had decided not to put any more money into it. (In August 2002, the *Times* reported that Kittay was trying to buy the magazine back from bankruptcy court, with hopes of resuming publication.)

Evidently *Lingua Franca* had never paid for itself, despite the ads that packed every issue and the high regard in which it was held. Circulation had slid to around 12,000, which is almost three times that of the *New Criterion* but only half the circulation of *Modern Ferret*. Like many other mainstays of good journalism, including even a heavyweight like the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Lingua Franca* ultimately depended on a patron.

The newly published book *Quick Studies* is a collection of "the Best of *Lingua Franca*," edited and introduced by Alexander Star. Star was still in his early twenties, a wunderkind from the *New Republic*'s stable, when Kittay tapped him to edit the magazine late in 1994, and he continued to the end. (In April of this year, he was hired to create a new "Ideas" section for the *Boston Globe*.)

This anthology, alas, will not burnish the reputation of either Star or *Lingua Franca*. Magazines are rarely well served by such collections. Books are heavy. Magazines are light and miscellaneous even when their subjects are serious—and *Lingua Franca*'s subjects were often blessedly unserious to begin with. But the trouble with *Quick Studies* goes beyond the generic problems faced by all such anthologies. In his introduction, Star is trapped by institutional duty into writing a kind of official history of the magazine, with gestures toward a manifesto. The story that he tells—the way he frames the collection, and the pieces he chooses—fails to do justice to some of *Lingua Franca*'s real achievements and inadvertently highlights its one great flaw.

No selection of articles, obviously, can begin to represent the variety of more than ten years of publication. But by organizing his selections into a handful of thematic categories ("The Reaction to Theory," "The Political Professor," and so on), Star has created a book that is much duller and more predictable than any issue of *Lingua Franca*. He also inadvertently draws attention to the limitations of the magazine's hip posture. "From the beginning," Star writes, "*Lingua Franca* refused to take sides in [the] Culture Wars." And to show how this played out in practice, he cites Margaret Talbot's essay "A Most Dangerous Method," about the case of Jane Gallop, a flamboyant feminist literary theorist who was accused of sexual harassment by two lesbian graduate students.



The essay offers an excruciatingly detailed view of a self-indulgent, narcissistic professor and the grad students who chose to enter her orbit—a more damning indictment of one influential current in the academy today than anything composed by Roger Kimball or Dinesh D'Souza, in part because it quotes the participants' own words at such length. ("I don't have a problem f—ing Jane Gallop as long as she practices safe sex," the student who later filed the first complaint wrote in a paper delivered at a conference. "After all, she is merely an 'other woman.' I do have a problem f—ing my dissertation adviser.") And yet Talbot keeps hedging, hedging, arriving finally at this astonishing conclusion: "There is something lost when we get too punctilious about defining teaching as a business relationship. And what's lost isn't trivial: it's the glimpses of the professor as a whole person that many students thrive on; the sense that learning isn't confined to the fifty-minute lecture; the passions of teachers like Jane Gallop."

This is the piece that Star singles out as the very paradigm of a *Lingua Franca* article. "Jane Gallop had, undoubtedly, acted unwisely and perhaps unforgivably," he concludes. "But her incisive mind and frank acknowledgment of the emotional connections between teacher and student made her critics seem incurious and unthinking."

Such moments occur whenever the desire to be hip—and the horror of being co-opted by tight-lipped moralizers—trumps the requirements of truth-telling, finding refuge in "ambiguity." Another flagrant instance is Daniel Mendelsohn's essay, "The Stand," about the philosopher Martha Nussbaum's notorious testimony at the Colorado gay-rights trial, also singled out by Star as representative of the *Lingua Franca* method.

The openness and generosity needed to comprehend varieties of intellectual excellence are qualities much to be desired. But they must rest on a solid foundation, a commitment to telling even unpalatable truths. At its best, as in the Sokal affair, *Lingua Franca* not only made us laugh but told the truth at the same time. ♦

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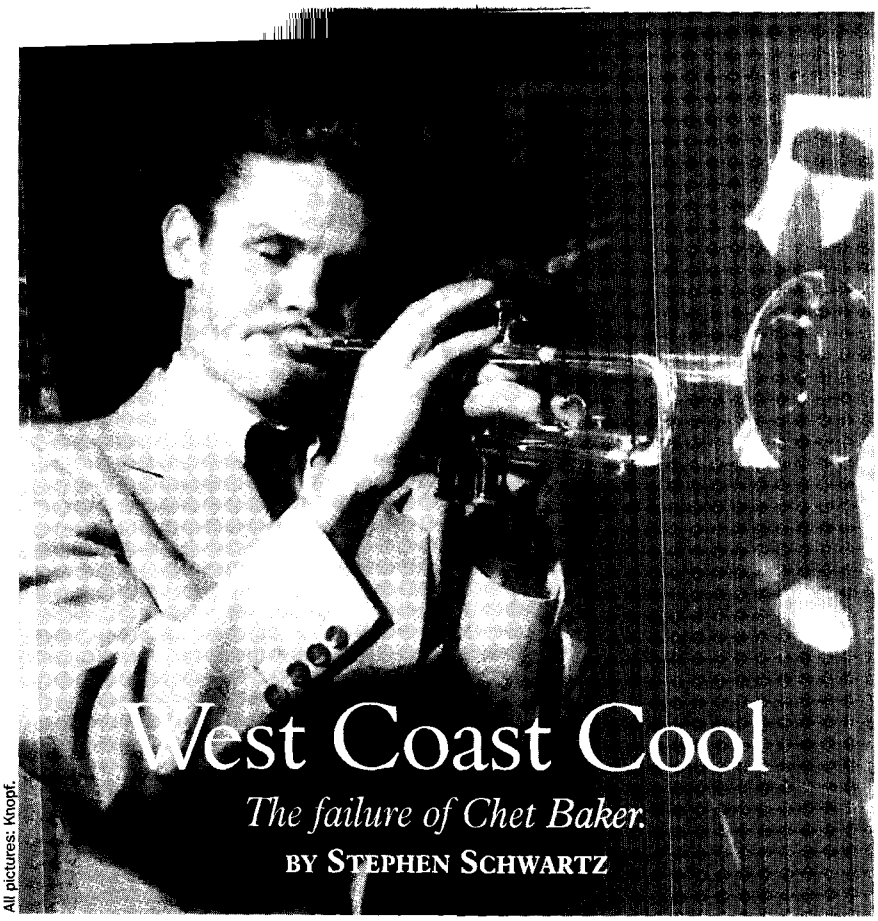

All pictures: Knopf.

West Coast Cool

The failure of Chet Baker.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

At thirteen, living in Marin County, California, I worshipped Chet Baker, the trumpet star of "West Coast" jazz. I also idolized the saxophonists Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, and Lee Konitz, a sax star I saw repeatedly in an obscure restaurant where underage kids were admitted. There was something that appealed to adolescents in their music; they often favored upbeat melodies like "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me" that weren't far in spirit from mushy pop ballads.

But Mulligan, Baker, and Getz were also victims of heroin, and as I got older I watched them fall apart (like Baker), or fall away (like Getz, who became world famous playing another form of pop jazz, bossa nova), or merely fall off the horizon (like Mulligan and Konitz). I already knew, as a teenaged jazz fan entering the 1960s, that there was a difference between West Coast cool and the East Coast styles of Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Ahmad Jamal, and Yusef Lateef. I had to live a few years more to understand the meaning of the difference, which naturally had to do with race.

California cool, invented by white boys, was a simulacrum of jazz. Real jazz, even at its most exhilarating, was a product of deeper, more despairing forces. As a trumpet player Baker tried to bridge the gap, gravitating between pretty songs in the picnic idiom of 1950s Southern California (he even recorded mood music with strings) and his own obsessional form of musical melancholia. But his art failed appallingly.

Deep in a Dream
The Long Night of Chet Baker
by James Gavin
Knopf, 416 pp., $26.95

Baker lived in Marin County for a time. After a disastrous series of European tours, he returned to San Francisco in the mid-1960s, where he became famous for blowing off club dates and getting his mouth messed up by a beating, probably the outcome of a bad drug deal. Then it was back to Europe and more junk. His career, but not his reputation, was revived again in the 1980s, when his creepy, inept singing drew attention from the punk generation, and people in San Francisco went to see him on the presumption he might drop dead on the stage.

Who would care? At the beginning, in the early 1950s, Chet Baker seemed extraordinarily gifted. His trumpet style was glossy—so glossy, it often seemed soulless. He was a natural prodigy with no training, and his work with other musicians was complicated by the fact that he did not know what key he or they were playing in. He had the unique gift of virtuosity on a musical instrument at first contact and an ability to reproduce a song almost perfectly after hearing it a couple of times. And, except for a missing front tooth, he was ravishingly handsome, with a fetching pout, chiseled cheekbones, and a pompadour. Luck was generous to him; early in his career he was elected the world's top trumpeter by the *Down Beat* readers' poll, beating Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis by a wide margin. His bizarre talent and the acclaim that greeted him meant he had never had to pay any dues learning his craft. Called the "James Dean of jazz," he pursued the role with enthusiasm.

Deep in a Dream, James Gavin's biography of Chet Baker, is a troubling document. It chronicles Baker's relentless descent from Californian godhood to utter ruin. When Baker was found dead on an Amsterdam sidewalk in 1988, a lot of people were glad to see the last of him. Detail upon detail in this volume reveals the full round of his junkie vices: idiotic lies and fabrications, endless petty scams, wife-beating, abandoned offspring, corruption of the impressionable young by turning them on to heroin. He was also an ignorant, arrogant racist. Chet Baker was born in Oklahoma, and his family's peregrination from there to California reminds one of *The Grapes of Wrath* as it might have been if Jim Thompson had written it.

And yet, every once in a while, his music has its attractions, and Gavin's biography swings back and forth between undiluted praise for "Chettie" and a palpable loathing. Gavin writes of Baker's 1968 appearance on Steve Allen's television show, "When he played a song he knew well, 'These Foolish Things,' he embarrassed no

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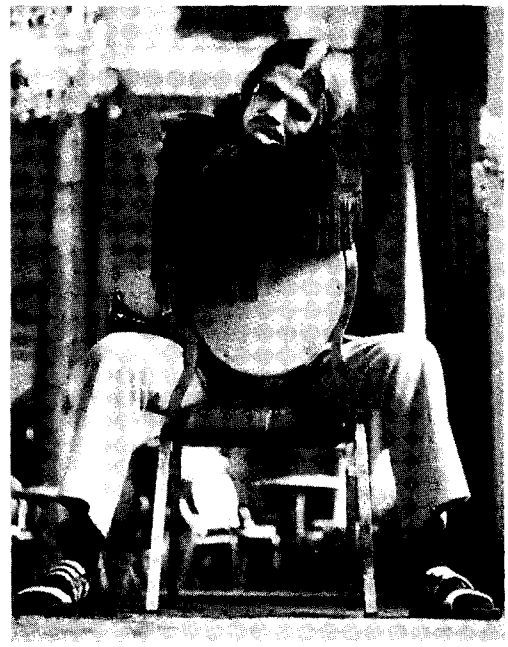
one. His lyricism had mostly returned, though he had to focus with all his might to make it safely to the next note, like a child taking his first steps. With Vietnam War reports following on the eleven o'clock news, Baker's performance seemed like a quaint trip back to an era of taffeta prom dresses and kisses stolen inside Dad's Chevrolet."

One has to ask how much of Baker's lyricism was really lyrical. It was easy to like West Coast jazz in 1961, when the whole world looked youthful, optimistic, and cool. Once the world began to look uncool, Baker, assisted by opiates, withdrew into total alienation. Thus the upbeat, cocktail jazz Mulligan and Baker began turned into the tormented, weird style which Baker carried on. California cool turned Arctic cold.

Baker's range—which, in the end, isn't very great—may be sampled on the CD that accompanies Gavin's *Deep in a Dream*. The centerpiece is "My Funny Valentine," first in Baker's trumpet version with Mulligan and others, and finally sung without accompaniment. The effect is pretty strange. The trumpet performance, which Baker's fans praise beyond reason, could better be entitled "My Fatal Valentine" or "Music to Stalk By." Baker's vocal solo on "My Funny Valentine" is not merely oppressive, but maddeningly bad. Rock music made a virtue of the affectless monotone as a vessel for irony: Lou Reed, David Byrne, Ric Ocasek of The Cars. But these individuals know that they're singing. Baker's style is that of a revived corpse attempting to figure out what music is. His disembodied singing has been compared to a whisper in a lover's ear—if your paramour is a serial killer.

But in its masturbatory vacuity, Baker's singing found a new audience in the early 1980s. Punks, postmodernists, and gender-benders loved the Baker effect, describing it as "eerie" and "otherworldly." Baker couldn't get the stake out of his heart or the needle out of his arm. It somehow made sense that in the 1980s the fashion photographer Bruce Weber, famous for his sexually ambivalent images selling Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein, would make a decadent documentary about Baker called *Let's Get Lost*.

California, right after World War II, saw a series of cultural novelties that contributed to the state's rise in influence—and that appeared, for a time, to drive the United States, and sometimes the world, in new directions. These included abstract expressionist painting, *film noir*, Hollywood realism, beat writing, and certain



schools of experimental music, of which West Coast jazz was a tangential variety. Baker stood at the center of more than the West Coast jazz scene; for a time he appeared to inhabit all scenes at once.

He even acted in a "B" movie, *Hell's Horizon*, released in 1955. Maya Angelou, well traveled in the same circles, recalls that she swore off marijuana after getting high and riding home in Baker's car—which he drove like a maniac, even when he hadn't been smoking pot.

But none of California's movements was fruitful, and none of them survives. Abstract expressionist art moved to New York. James Dean died in a car crash, and Kerouac drank himself into the grave. Baker made a show of his dissipation over thirty-five years, to no lasting effect. Yet even after the collapse of his American career, Baker remained popular in Europe, especially in Italy, where the cliché of the doomed jazzman had enormous staying power.

The story is told that saxophonist Charlie Parker, "Bird," warned Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and other black jazz stars in New York, "You better look out, there's a little white cat on the coast who's gonna eat you up." Notwithstanding Bird's blessing and the enthusiasm of voters in the *Down Beat* polls, the presumption that a surfer in a pompadour like Baker, or the feckless Mulligan, or Getz, could outperform the giants of bebop was ludicrous.

Baker played the trumpet as if it were an easier version of the saxophone. Compare the "sad clown" saccharine of Baker's "My Funny Valentine" with Coltrane's classic rendition of "Lush Life," and Coltrane walks away with it all. Better, compare the dippy, Catalina Island soda pop of Mulligan and Baker on "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" with Coltrane's versions of "My Favorite Things." Mulligan and Baker never got beyond the froth, while Coltrane didn't know what froth was. When I was a Baker fan, I considered his performance on "Summer Sketch," a composition by pianist Russ Freeman, to be an extraordinarily hopeful anthem. It seemed promising, Californian, merging with a solitude as wide and deep as the Pacific Ocean. Now it seems as thin and insubstantial as all the other false California amusements of the 1950s and 1960s.

Chet Baker sells far more records today than he did while alive, and he is an established icon of 1950s nostalgia. As a cautionary tale, if nothing else, Gavin's brilliant book is a major contribution to the historiography of an era filled with happenings where, in the end, little or nothing really happened. ♦

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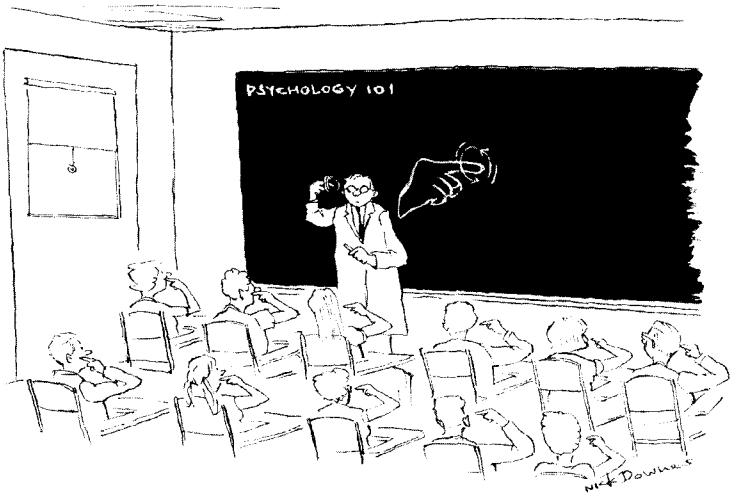

Books in Brief

***Ulysses S. Grant on Leadership: Executive Lessons from the Front Lines* by John A. Barnes (Prima, 276 pp., $22.95).** This is the latest revisionist effort to bolster the reputation of Grant as a military and political leader. The book deserves far more attention than it has received. The case made by Barnes, a speechwriter, journalist, and Grantophile, is convincing. Grant, he writes, has been the "Rodney Dangerfield of American history," getting little respect. Grant himself is partly at fault: "Reserved and modest," he "allowed others to define him." Two of those definitions are the "butcher" who maximized casualties, and the drunkard. Barnes persuasively disputes both.

Ulysses S. Grant on Leadership is part of Prima's gimmicky but valuable series of "leadership lessons" drawn from the experiences of American leaders. So far, the series has looked at Robert E. Lee, Teddy Roosevelt, Ronald Reagan, and ex-GE boss Jack Welch. Grant, Barnes says, was an innovative leader, resilient and persistent, an effective communicator, a man of character who refused to network his way to the top but let his actions speak for themselves, and a teambuilder who judged others by their performance, not their words. As president, he was "an energetic, honorable, and, in many respects, strong chief executive."

—Fred Barnes

***Elizabeth: The Woman and the Queen* by Graham Turner (Macmillan, 214 pp., £18.99).** The writer A.S. Byatt once dubbed her series of novels about life in England from the 1950s onward as chronicles of "the New Elizabethan Age." One wonders who besides a novelist would dare to name our time after the woman who is perhaps the twentieth century's *least* representative figure. In *Elizabeth: The Woman and the Queen*, British journalist Graham Turner draws a portrait of a woman who, during her half-century reign, has been a paragon of calm stability, never departing from her principles of duty, detail, routine, and emotional self-suppression. "She has almost," a staff member once observed, "trained feelings out of herself." These principles, Turner explains, have guided the queen through perpetual family turmoil, including the death of Princess Diana, and are central to her success on the throne.

In his preface Turner notes that he does not characterize his book as a biography, but as a "portrait." There are no genealogies, dates, or royal milestones in the book. Instead, he depicts Elizabeth through the testimony of family, friends, and servants who provide countless anecdotes of the queen apart from her public persona—a visitor to Buckingham Palace overhearing the queen mock him; her zealous protection of her beloved dogs; her innate inability to hold a conversation with female guests.

Turner is not uncritical of the queen, analyzing her as an over-indulged daughter and an absent, unaffectionate mother. Nonetheless, he counts himself a monarchist and one of her admirers. Readers craving a tale of royal scandal will not find it in Turner's book, but this should not discourage them. Of Elizabeth II, the poet Philip Larkin seems to have it closest to right: *In times when nothing stood, / but worsened, or grew strange, / there was one constant good: / she did not change.*

—Rachel DiCarlo

***Captain from Castile* and *Prince of Foxes* by Samuel Shellabarger (Bridge Works, 633 pp. and 433 pp., $32.50 and $18.95 paper).** How these bestselling swashbucklers from the 1940s ever fell out of print is a mystery. Shellabarger was a master of the high-adventure historical romance, in the direct line that runs from *Ivanhoe* and *The Three Musketeers* down to Patrick O'Brian. *Captain from Castile* is very good, and *Prince of Foxes* is even better, ranking somewhere around *Captain Blood* and only a smidgen below *Scaramouche*. If you know what that means, there's no way you can pass up these reprints with new introductions by Jonathan Yardley. If you don't know what it means, now's the time to find out.

—J. Bottum

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"Why do we need all this reaffirmation? It's as if we're a three hundred pound man who's seven feet tall, superbly shaped, absolutely powerful, and every three minutes he's got to reaffirm the fact that his arm pits have a wonderful odour. . . . Culturally, emotionally America is growing more loutish, arrogant, and vain. I detest this totally promiscuous patriotism. Wave a little flag and become a good person? Ugly. . . . [T]he 3,000 deaths in the Twin Towers came approximately to one mortality for every 90,000 Americans. Your chances of dying if you drive a car are one in 7,000 each year. We seem perfectly ready to put up with automobile statistics."

—Norman Mailer, *The Sunday Times* (London), September 8, 2002

MAILER: REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY AND WAR

(continued from p. 40)

transformed into antelope sperm. Patrice Lumumba once told me that, and it changed my sex life forever. Not that I take back what I said about Jack Kennedy and whipped cream.

Iraq is the same way. The United States is a seven-foot-tall man, powerfully built, and often in bathing trunks, of course, since the country touches the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Pacific on the other. Its advertising industry is its adrenal glands. If you eat too much ice cream, you secrete serotonin, which leads to belligerence.

Why does the state of Maine jut out into the Atlantic? When I thought of this it changed my sex life forever. Why doesn't the country just end at the New Hampshire border? Americans are scared to think about these things because they're all homosexuals.

America ought to wake up and examine its narcissism and its misplaced cathexis. It misplaced them in a tight pair of swim trunks while swimming in the Pacific. It's like Maine. The lymphatic glands of warmongering run through Madison Avenue and Hollywood and they make a smell when you're scared.

Portugal loves those swim trunks because Portugal is like a lovely dancer, a little past her prime and running to flab kind of, but who always knows how to please a man. When I met him, I forget whether it was in Vietnam or at a dinner party at my publisher's house, Che Guevara told me that kissing dogs while watching golf is like singing the "Marseillaise" after fixing the carburetor. That changed my sex life forever.

One thing I have always admired about Saddam Hussein is he is a funny-smelling man. Absolutely hates the water. His swim trunks

(see MAILER: ESCHATOLOGICAL MEDITATIONS, p. 42)

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The Tests We Need

Herbert J. Walberg is a distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; member of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and University Scholar and emeritus research professor of education and psychology at the University of Illinois at Chicago.

State legislatures have begun requiring the development of achievement tests and standards for K–12 schools. The new federal act titled No Child Left Behind requires state participation in an ambitious uniform testing system for the nation. For several reasons, such testing may be worthwhile if done right.

First, we need to know how our students compare with those in other countries. The 1983 report *A Nation at Risk* began shifting policymakers' and the public's concerns to student achievement. The report showed that American students lagged behind those in other countries and argued that the best jobs, including those in the industries of greatest growth, required general knowledge, language mastery, and mathematical, scientific, and technical skills. In addition, voting, serving on juries, and other forms of citizenship require such knowledge and skills, as well as mastery of history and civics.

Despite many reforms and substantially increased spending, our schools are doing no better than they were in 1983. Even with our high per-student spending (compared to the rest of the industrialized world), the longer U.S. students are in school, the farther behind they fall. If our students are to meet world standards, we need to measure their progress and find out what works best. Reading achievement tests, for example, enabled the National Reading Panel to conclude that phonics instruction, though insufficiently used in schools, helps provide young students with a solid foundation for acquiring reading skills.

Second, systematic testing provides useful information. School boards should hold educators accountable for the results they produce; they should examine educators' progress compared to that of others in attaining well-defined achievement standards. When board members concentrate on initiating programs and practices, they may lose their objectivity when evaluating educators' progress in attaining results.

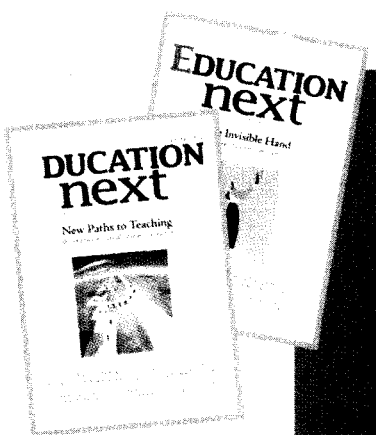
Moreover, frequent examinations help provide teachers with information about what students are learning. Based on this knowledge, teachers need to plan their lessons accordingly. Regular testing encourages students to be prepared for classes and can be a source of learning; requiring essays and providing feedback, for example, help students not only comprehend the subject matter but also become better writers.

Third, national surveys indicate that educators are much less enthusiastic about tests than citizens, parents, and even students. **Few professionals or other workers want to be held accountable; but, in education, our nation's welfare and students' development are at stake.** Tests help boards and educators concentrate on their primary responsibility, which is learning. Regrettably, boards and educators have taken on responsibilities, such as driver education, for which they are not chiefly responsible and for which they may lack competence. Tests help teachers concentrate on what parents and the public expect children to accomplish. For children in poverty and related conditions, school provides the best opportunity to rise above their circumstances.

Finally, tests are cheap. Harvard economist Caroline Hoxby estimates that we annually spend $4.96 per pupil on commercial tests and from $1.79 to $34.02 on state tests—tiny fractions of average per-student spending of $8,157. At such costs, few activities can produce such big benefits for our students and our nation.

— *Herbert J. Walberg*

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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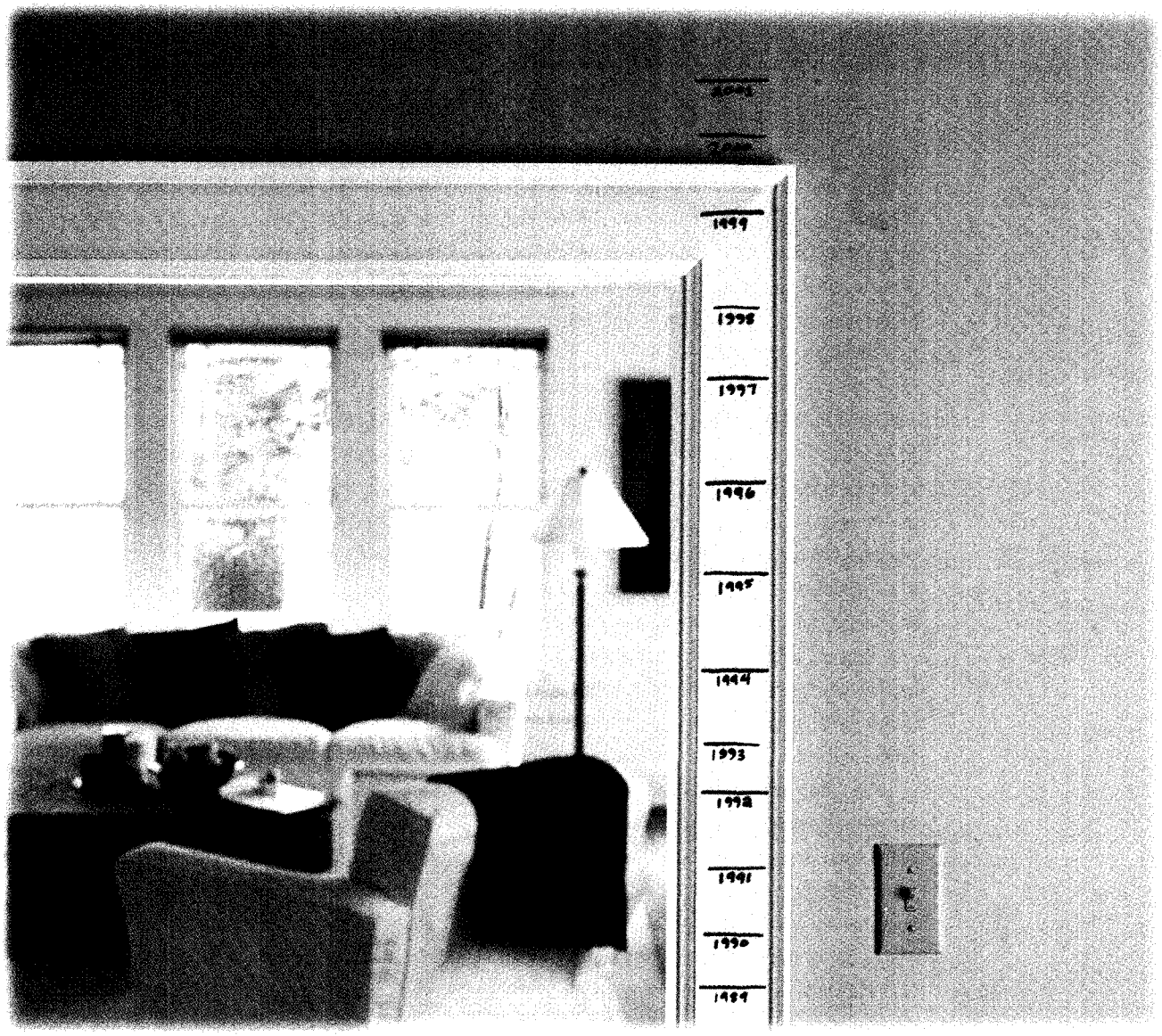

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